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The Independent.

"OWED OF GOD TO BE PUT IN TRUST WITH THE GOSPEL, EVEN SO WE SPEAK, NOT AS PLEASING MEN BUT GOD, WHICH TRIETH OUR HEARTS."

VOLUME XX. NEW YORK, THURSDAY, JUNE 11, 1868. NUMBER 1019.

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As a compensation, however, for these omissions, the Protestant editor gives us as a last stanza the following doxology:

"To God the Father glory be,
And to his only Son;
The same, O Holy Ghost, to Thee,
While ceaseless ages run!"

Not among the least of our obligations to Faber is the inspiration and encouragement given to all friends of struggling causes by the hymn "The Right Must Win," closing with the oft-quoted stanza:

"For right is right, since God is God;
And right the day must win;
To doubt would be disloyalty,
To falter would be sin"—

lines worthy of Whittier, which is praise enough.

We have spoken of these productions as hymns; and their author, in the preface to his "Jesus and Mary," states that the MS. of the volume was submitted to a musical friend, who replied that certain verses of all or nearly all the hymns would do for singing. And yet they are better adapted to the sick-room and the closet; to be read, than to be sung. They are meditations, not lyrics; and as such they are among the very best of devotional poems. A future article may treat of the Catholic hymns of this author.

AT WINNEPESAUKEE.

BY LUCY LARCOM.

O, SILENT hills across the lake,
Asleep in moonlight or awake
To catch the color of the sky
That sifts through every cloud swept by;
How beautiful ye are, in change
Of sultry haze and storm-light strange;
How dreamlike rest ye on the bar
That parts the billow from the star;
How blend your mists with waters clear,
'Till earth floats off, and Heaven seems near!

Ye faint and fade, a pearly zone,
The coast-line of a land unknown.
Yet that is sunburnt Ossipee,
Plunged knee-deep in the limpid sea?
Somewhere among these grouping isles
Old White Face from his cloud-cap smiles,
And gray Chocorua bends his crown
To look on happy hamlets down;
And every pass and mountain-slope
Leads out and on some human hope.
Here, the great hollows of the hills
The glamour of the June day fills.
Along the climbing path, the brier,
In rose-bloom beauty beckoning higher,
Breathes sweetly the warm uplands over;
And, gay with buttercups and clover,
The slopes of meadowy freshness make
A green foil to the sparkling lake.
So is it with yon hills that swim
Upon the horizon, blue and dim.
For all the summer is not ours;
On other shores familiar flowers
Find blossoming as fresh as these,
In shade, and shine, and eddying breeze
And scented slopes, as cool and green,
To kiss of lisping ripples lean.
So is it with the Land beyond
This earth we press with step so fond.
Upon those faintly-outlined hills
God's sunshine sleeps. His dew distills.
The dear beatitudes of home
Within the heavenly boundaries come;
The hearts that made life's fragrance here
To Eden-haunts bring added cheer;
And all the beauty, all the good,
Lost to our lower altitude,
Transfigured, yet the same, are given,
Upon the mountain-heights of Heaven.

O, cloud-swathed hills the flood across,
Ye hide the mystery of our loss;
Yet hide it but a little while;
Past sunlit shore and shadowy isle,
Out to the still Lake's furthest brim
Erelong our bark the wave shall skim.
And what the vigor and the glow
Our earthly-torpid souls shall know,
When, grounding on the silver sands,
We feel the clasp of loving hands,
And see the walls of sapphire gleam,
Nor tongue can tell, nor heart can dream.

But in your rifts of wondrous light
Wherewith these lower fields are bright,
In every strengthening breeze that brings
The mountain-health upon its wings,
We own the gift of Pentecost,
And not one hint of Heaven is lost.

A WOMAN'S LETTERS FROM WASHINGTON.

WASHINGTON, June, 1868.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE INDEPENDENT:

Two weeks ago the air was full of prophecies that the defeat of Impeachment would be the death of the Republican party. To-day it is the Democratic party which is gazing about nonplussed and "shakey." The dissensions and recriminations among themselves which were to destroy the Republicans after their failure to remove the President have not yet taken place. Whereas their perfect unanimity in nominating the two strongest names in the country for the President and Vice-President of the United States has produced a condition of supreme content. What if Andrew Johnson is not deposed? He can reign but for nine months more—and then! The disappointment of the people is already succeeded by a deep sense of satisfaction in the nomination of Grant and Colfax. They believe in the auguries of the new names. They represent valor, firmness, sagacity, integrity, patriotism. They are the synonyms of all that is best in manhood and most desirable in the public service. Was there ever before a presidential nomination which gave such universal satisfaction? Not a few had other personal favorites, especially for the vice-presidency. Many men thought that the party owed redress to Hamlin for deserting him for Johnson. Many more thought that a debt of gratitude was due to "Ben. Wade," especially as his age made this probably the last honor which could be conferred on him by the people. Others thought that the gift should be given to Massachusetts and honest Henry Wilson. Yet, no matter who was their man, all agree in the hearty declaration that Colfax *is* the man; that no other ticket could have given such preeminent satisfaction to the whole people. Thus they shake hands with Destiny, and shake hands with her favorites, and write their names on the Republican banners with a genuine will. If ever a man was nominated by the choice and will of the people, Schuyler Colfax was, at Chicago. They were not weak names which were set against him. Powerful combinations of men toiled day and night for their candidates. Yet all gave way at last before the outside pressure, the powerful pressure of the people, claiming their own supreme choice for the second office in their gift, as well as the first; an office as exalted in its possibilities and as exacting in its demands as the highest in the nation. Thus it is not strange that the surface of human life, so perturbed, so tumultuous a few days since, should have settled into outward calm. Once more men walk slowly, and speak softly, and wait patiently the final issue. They can afford to be patient, for they know it to be sure. It is true the House has seemed rather irascible ever since the trial. There are gentlemen in it who are decidedly irritable. But Woolley is enough to irritate anybody. I thought so while surveying him from the gallery, the other day. It seemed no wonder that Butler and Boutwell should cover him with ire and indignation. That buff-panted individual, tipped back in his chair, ironically waving a snowy pocket-handkerchief before their eyes, was a very aggravating looking sinner. He was in custody for "contempt of the House," and he most amiably looked all the contempt that he felt. The Impeachment Managers paid him back with interest in looks and words of detestation. There he sat, the money-changer who had bought and sold truth and justice. And the worst was, he could lie about it, tell half-a-dozen different stories about the same thing. The Managers had investigated and labored by day and by night for months; and here was the man who had sold the great result for a few greenbacks. Moreover, the gentleman had concluded to enlighten nobody as to how he did it. He had very evidently made up his mind for one thing—to make himself as troublesome to the House as possible. He rose, bowed to the Speaker, turned to the House, and made a proposition which, if complied with, would have kept Congress all Summer attending exclusively to Mr. Woolley. He is a rather handsome man, perhaps thirty-five, a ruddy "villain," with auburn hair and beard, conspicuously dressed in light pants, expansive shirt-bosom, loud length of gold chain, and a showy pocket-handkerchief, which he flourished alike in meditation and in speech. He looks the man of the world, and a Democratic politician. Anybody, anywhere, would be sure to recognize him as a Democrat of the Wood or Vallandigham school. His contempt of the House has sent him "down below," where he is to enjoy the felicity of his own society till he gets ready to tell. By this act the House has proved that, if it cannot depose Andrew Johnson, it can Vinnie Ream; and the "Daughter of the Capitol" has gone forth from her studio, and left it as a prison for Woolley, the crown of whose punishment is that he is shut up alone with her statue of Lincoln, said statue being in too plastic a condition to remove.

Last Saturday was a memorial day. With banners and bands, music and speech, under the softest of May skies, and in its serenest airs, tens of thousands of our soldiers' graves were decorated with flowers. Most lovely was Arlington that day. No words could have been more eloquently fitting than those that were spoken. No music tenderer, nor fuller of precious memories, nor sweeter with suggestions of Heaven, than that sung under those patriarchal trees by fifty orphan children. And no sight could have been more touching than when these soldiers' orphans laid their flower-wreaths down upon ten thousand soldiers' graves. Yet the magnetism of the multitude was there. The tide followed the banners and the bands, the blooming maidens, the eloquent speech. Miles out Seventh street, beyond Fort Stevens, there is a little cemetery where forty soldiers lie alone, who fell in defense of Washington. One of these is a poor widow's son, of whom I told you long ago. She had three; and this was the last that she gave to her country. She, a poor widow, living far in Northern Vermont, has never even seen the graves of her three soldier sons, whom she gave up one by one, as they came to man's estate; and who went forth from her love to return to it living no more. To this little graveyard on Seventh street one woman went alone with her children, carrying forty wreaths of May's loveliest flowers, and laid one on every grave. Forty mothers' sons slept under the green turf; and one mother, in her large love, remembered and consecrated them all. She chose these because, with more than thirty thousand others in the larger cemeteries to be decorated, she feared the forty in their isolation might be forgotten. No others followed her; and this mother, alone with her children, scattering flowers in the silence of love upon those unremembered graves, some way wears a halo which does not shine about the multitude.

Every evening through my open window comes the sound of music, which is full of the past. It brings back the war-days, when Washington stretched beneath the June skies an hospital and a camp. This music comes from the band of the 44th United States Infantry, whose beautiful camp reaches away beneath the trees below the grounds of the Executive Mansion. If you don't know of this regiment, you must; and so I tell you. It is all that remains of the famous Invalid Corps; and there is not an officer nor soldier in this regiment who does not carry the scars, the bullets, the maimed limbs which he received while fighting for his country during its last great war. It is one of the most picturesque of sights to watch these soldiers on review, and all their surroundings add to the effect of the scene. You look beyond the wooded hillside to the Presidential Mansion, see the exquisite grounds, the fountains playing beneath the trees, and a little further on the gleaming pillars of the Treasury. On the other side you look down the low-lying meadows to the Potomac, its yellow waters flecked with hundreds of fituf sails. Before you are the neat quarters of the regiment, showing snowy-white under the trees; and, a little further up the lawn, the tiny cottages of the officers, whose fragrant flower-beds, mimic fountains, birds, and gold-fishes, tell of the presence of women. In a temple less imposing than that of Central Park sits the band. On the green grass below stands the regiment. Such a regiment! One company stands upon crutches; every man is minus a leg. Another does not contain a man who has two arms. There are other companies where every member carries one or more bullets in his body; and, as I said, there is not a man in the regiment unwounded. This makes the perfection of their drill the more astonishing. That men with but one leg or arm can go through such evolutions with such accuracy does not seem possible until seen. There is not a man in the regiment incapable of doing duty. "Guard duty" is the sole one of the regiment, and none could perform it better. Honorable men! There is no one of you that has not the right to pride in the possession of your scars. Every true heart must hold you in honor. The very sight of you inspires a thrill of admiration and of patriotism which no gay regiment of full-limbed men could awaken. More, the sight of you fills us with gratitude and devotion for what you have suffered and for what you have survived.

At the dawn of the month of roses and of strawberries I did not expect to be writing you from here, INDEPENDENT. I can't say that I want to be writing you from here; though Washington lies fair to-day in its embowering trees, under the blandest of June skies. But Arcadia is in Pennsylvania. In that Arcadia abide an unworldly folk, who live near to Nature, who live in simplicity and sincerity and in love of the truth. The greed of the world, its ambitions, its pomp, its dissatisfactions, its disappointments, its restlessness, its emptiness, does not touch them. They live beyond their reach. I fancy that it is easier for them to be good, INDEPENDENT, than it is for you or for me. For this reason I promised to go to them, to see if I could come nearer to the true meaning and mission of life. If, with clearer vision than ever before, I had discerned the secret of secrets, I should have told it all to you. Perhaps, besides, I wanted a good time; at least, I wanted to see my friends, and, not least, a portion of yourself, INDEPENDENT. Thus I am filled with vague discontent that, instead of being with the Progressive Friends in the Paradise of Cheser, as has happened before, I am only looking out of my window and chatting with you, INDEPENDENT; which is just what I did not intend to do to-day.

M. C. A.

THE OLD SCHOOL PRESBYTERIAN ASSEMBLY.

ALBANY, June 2d, 1868.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE INDEPENDENT:

THE General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church (O. S.) in the United States, which met in this place on the 21st inst., has just adjourned. The number of delegates in attendance, exclusive of corresponding delegates from the New School, the Reformed (Dutch), Lutheran, United and Associate Reformed Presbyterian Churches, was two hundred and seventy-seven. These delegates were from the different parts of the United States, from India, China, and Africa, and represented twenty-six synods, which include one hundred and forty-two presbyteries. The synods and presbyteries of the unreconstructed states were, of course, all unrepresented. One of the last acts of the Assembly before adjournment was to strike these synods and presbyteries from the roll of the Church.

In casting our eye over the Assembly, we were struck with the very large proportion of young men composing the ministerial delegations. The elders were mostly old men, though some of the most active and influential members were young elders. Those who have borne a conspicuous part in the past two years in the movement for a reunion of the Old and New School bodies were nearly all in attendance: among them Drs. Breckinridge, Beatty, Hodge, Humphrey, Shedd, Musgrave, Prime, and Monfort; and (of the elders) Chancellor Green, Judge Leavitt, Winthrop S. Gilman, Henry Day, Robert Carter, and Robert McNight.

It was evident from the first that the entire interest of the Assembly was absorbed in the question of reunion. Dr. Geo. W. Musgrave, of Philadelphia, was elected moderator. The necessary preliminary business was arranged with all possible dispatch; and it was decided—in spite of the opponents of reunion, and some others who feared that if the question of reunion were at once taken up little attention would be bestowed upon other matters—to hear the report of the joint committee appointed last year by the two assemblies to form a basis of reunion at three o'clock of the second day, and enter upon its discussion, with a view to its adoption or rejection.

To give an account of the discussion and adoption of this basis is to tell about all this Assembly has done or thought of. Even the vastly important subject of domestic missions, the planting of the Church on our Western plains, that are now being rapidly covered with the tide of population that is rolling on to the Rocky Mountains and the Pacific, could not gain any serious attention, though the Board has been warning the Church for a year of its contracted operations, depleted treasury, and distressed missionaries! Nothing but *reunion* received more than a hurried notice or the perfunctory attention of business routine. It may be, however—we wish to say, in passing—that the cause of domestic missions would not in any case awaken a genuine interest in this Assembly. It is a sad fact that, while a more magnificent prospect for extension never presented itself to any church than does the great and rapidly growing West, during the past year the members of this wealthy church have contributed on an average only about twenty-five cents per member, half a cent per week, to the work of home missions! But to the question of reunion. The principal article in the basis of reunion adopted by the joint committee, and the one on which the opponents of reunion made nearly their whole fight, is the one which defines the *doctrinal basis*. This same article was before the assemblies of the two churches last year in substantially the same form, and was sent down to the presbyteries for adoption. The presbyteries of the New School, we believe without any exceptions, agreed to this basis; but it was largely rejected by the presbyteries of the Old School. As it is now proposed to the assemblies of the two churches, the basis of the joint committee requires that the reunion shall be effected on the foundation of the common standards of the two churches; while it is added that the "confession of faith" is to be "sincerely received as containing the system of doctrine taught in the Holy Scriptures—it being understood that this confession is received in its proper, historical—that is, the Calvinistic or Reformed—sense"; and further added that "it is also understood that various methods of viewing, stating, explaining, and illustrating the doctrines of the confession, which do not impair the integrity of the Reformed or Calvinistic system, are to be freely allowed in the united church, as they have hitherto been allowed in the separate churches." Upon these two added explanations the debate mainly hinged. The discussion opened with a couple of well-put prayers on each side of the question, by members appointed by the impartial moderator with a due regard to the claims of both parties. Then followed the efforts on the platform. Dr. Breckinridge opposed reunion on any terms whatever. All the rest opposing reunion did so on account of the avowed insecurity of the terms and the breadth and weakness of the platform. The debate lasted—with the necessary breaks made by the "Order of the Day"—until last Friday night, at 10 o'clock. Powerful speeches were made in favor of the reunion by Elder Henry Day of New York, Dr. Shedd, Dr. Musgrave, and Chancellor Green; and against reunion by Drs. Breckinridge, Hodge, and Humphrey; while a good many speeches were made by others, on both sides, that were not so powerful. A great many amendments, some of which would have been highly acceptable to the friends of reunion, were offered by the opponents; mainly, if not altogether, with a view to impair the joint character of the basis, and thus practically defeat it. But every amendment was laid upon the table with the expedition and thundering emphasis of the firing of a battery on the field of war. At 10 o'clock the vote was taken by ayes and nays, resulting in the adoption of this article of the basis by a vote of 185 to 77. On the following day the basis as a whole was adopted by a vote of 187 to 69.

An addendum to the doctrinal basis was then offered by Dr. Monfort, of Cincinnati, stripping the basis of the joint committee of both explanatory clauses, so as to leave the basis of reunion simply our common standards. This addendum was lodged in the hands of a committee consisting of Dr. Beatty, Elders Carter and Day, who were instructed to proceed at once to Harrisburgh, where the Assembly of the New School is in session, and confer with that body in reference to its adoption as part of the basis of reunion. When the committee arrived in Harrisburgh, so many members of the New School Assembly had gone home that additional action on the basis was precluded by the standing rules of that body. Before the vote was taken on the doctrinal article of the basis a telegram to this assembly from the assembly at Harrisburgh announced that that body had unanimously adopted the basis. The announcement was received with such enthusiasm that nothing but a strong sense of order and propriety restrained the Assembly from outbursting in loud applause.

Shortly before adjournment, after it was securely felt by the Assembly that the basis of reunion was finally disposed of, and when a very large number of the delegates had left for their homes, an amendment to the basis was offered by Dr. Hall, of Rochester, to the effect that "no error that has been condemned by either of the churches shall be tolerated in the united church"—to become a part of the basis, of course, only on condition of its adoption by the Harrisburgh Assembly; and it was to be telegraphed at once to that body for its immediate action. This assembly was taken unawares, and the question on the amendment, put in the haste and amid the confusion of the breaking-up hour of the session, was carried without opposition. The same amendment, offered by Dr. Humphrey, had before been emphatically voted down; and, while those who are opposed to reunion may use it to create misunderstanding and distrust, it cannot fairly be construed as indicating the policy or disposition of the great majority of the Old School Assembly.

It now remains to be seen whether one-fourth of the presbyteries will refuse to adopt the basis during the coming year, and so defeat for the present the long desired and prayed-for union of these two churches. It is possible that one-fourth of the Old School presbyteries will do so. The minority in this assembly has entered a protest against its action, framed by Dr. Hodge; and a most determined effort will be made in the presbyteries to perpetuate this unnatural and scandalous schism. The prejudices of the people will be appealed to; the old quarrels of 1837, that split the Church, will as far as possible be revived in the minds of the old members of the Church; and strong appeals will be made to a church that so venerates fathers in it like Dr. Hodge not to take a step that would so deeply unsettle their interest in the body they have done so much to ennoble and adorn. But the reunion will soon come. It has its rise in the Christian love of the people, laity and ministers; and they are bound by deep religious convictions to bring it about. It is sad to see these venerable fathers now waste noble reputations at the end of their lives, and in so large a measure dissipate the strong affections of the rising church, in efforts to break the bands of charity that are drawing these churches into one. But, no matter how great and good these men are, Providence is moving in the matter, and majorities even must out of the way. The tide that went out thirty years ago is now coming in; a backward wave may give the opponents of reunion breath for a little yet, but they must soon move up to the high plain of unity or be submerged.

It has been earnestly noted here that the hard-working part of the Church, so markedly represented by the churches of the West—the brawn and muscle of the Church—missionaries at home and in foreign lands, and the elders who represent the laity from whom the Church derives its pecuniary resources, are all for reunion; while those who are in charge of wealthy churches in old Presbyterian communities, and those who have distinguished themselves as theological controversialists, are apt to be opposed to it. And, while wickedness abounds so fearfully, while infidelity is taking every advantage of the follies of the Church, and while Roman Catholicism is making such astounding headway in our beloved land, devoted by our fathers to Protestant Christianity, behold these two churches—the Old and New School—elbowing each other off every mission-field, and not only foregoing the strength and moral force of unity, but actually wasting each the energy of the other in unfriendly designs and attempts at "*absorption*." And when we see multitudes going down to hell all around us, and this class of ministers so mightily and apparently only concerned about over-refined subtleties of doctrine, some, perhaps, in their profane moments only, feel that opposition to reunion finds its real supporters among amateur evangelists and theological connoisseurs. But, although these are earnest times, we ought to be slow to think harshly of these learned and venerable servants of the Church.

OBSERVER.

LABOR.

BY ALFRED B. STREET.

LABOR is God's first law. When Paradise
Vanished forever from our parents' sight,
God, while He saw that what He did was right,
Yet, crowned with love, ordained that mortal eyes
Should see again the radiant tree of life,
And eat its fruit, with truth and mercy rife,
Only through labor. Through Creation ran
The mandate, that true happiness to man
Rested in labor. He should eat his bread
Alone through needful energy. The flowers
Should bloom once more when all man's native powers
Were roused. Then hummed the bee; the sun was sped
Upon his daily journey; and the earth,
Through all its radiant bounds, woke to a brighter birth.

HENRY VINCENT.

BY PROF. MOSES COIT TYLER.

EARLY in the autumn of 1866 this eloquent Englishman landed for the first time in America. Although for a quarter of a century, in the mother country, he had been renowned as a popular orator, he had at the time of his arrival here no general reputation among us. But he bore with him affectionate credentials from John Bright; and whomsoever John Bright can commend the American people are prepared to admire. We are a folk, however, who do not care much for credentials; or rather, the credentials which we do care for are those which every man has to show when he shows himself. Fortunately, the credentials which Nature gave to Mr. Vincent were even better than those which John Bright gave to him; and during the succeeding ten months the English stranger ceased to be a stranger in the principal cities of the land. He returned to England in June of last year, and there addressed upward of thirty large meetings on "Impressions of Ten Months in the United States"; on one occasion speaking to an assemblage of six thousand in Spurgeon's Tabernacle.

After a summer's campaign at home, he set out again for America, arriving in New York on the 30th of last October. From that time to the present he has been traversing the Northern and Border States, speaking almost every night. His engagements will occupy him until the end of May; when he will go back to England, and once more talk over our affairs with his countrymen. He will come to us again next October, and will spend the ensuing season in the same routes of travel as those which he is at present following. This exploit of lecturing in both hemispheres every year he hopes to continue for several seasons; until, as he is in the habit of saying, he "can see through all the great political, educational, and religious problems which are working to a solution here."

In a private letter from Mr. Vincent, which I have before me, occurs two sentences which I am sure he will excuse me for giving, through THE INDEPENDENT, to all the people: "I have been most hospitably welcomed everywhere, and have been greatly pleased by my two visits, and have felt my faith in progress strengthened. I am grateful to the American people for their intense cordiality."

There is in these times no more hopeful sign of the world's advancement than the increasing influence of Internationalism. Patriotism is a virtue; but there is a larger virtue, which includes patriotism. That larger virtue is one which cherishes while it blends all patriotisms in the sentiment of universal brotherhood. Year by year the nations are rising high enough to look over the tops of those walls which have hemmed them in—walls reared not of brick, but of bigotry; cemented not by mortar, but by egotism. The ancient barriers of national isolation and exclusiveness are crumbling before the telegraph, the Trail, the steamship, the newspaper, the lecture, and the bill of exchange.

When China and France, when Abyssinia and Spain, when Prussia and Japan, when America and England, shall communicate with each other as freely as do now Massachusetts, and New York, and Ohio, and Minnesota, then will there be no more need of peace societies. The dispensation of gold, and iron, and heart, and brain, and steam, and printer's ink, and lightning will abolish the dispensation of gunpowder and custom-houses. Then

"—the drum shall throb no longer, and the battle-flag be furled
In the parliament of man, the federation of the world."

But the nations which in blood, speech, and faith are the nearest together must initiate this great coalition of mankind—England and America! What should sunder them? Let these two noble and puissant empires but join hands and lead on in the superb procession of international harmony! Therefore, all hail to the men, whether merchants or preachers, whether engineers, or novelists, or lecturers, who by pen, or tongue, or ship, or wire are girdling these twain with the clasp of rational and immutable fellowship!

It is for this reason that we rejoice to see among us now such men as Charles Dickens and Henry Vincent—England's greatest novelist, England's greatest popular lecturer. We long to have established between the two countries an exchange, not of gold and goods only, but of authorship and oratory, of ideas and emotions. It is not enough that educated Englishmen come to this country, or that educated Americans go to that country, merely as tourists and critics. We wish the intercourse to be more intimate. Let Englishmen come here, and read to us, and preach to us, and lecture to us, and visit us in our homes, and break bread with us, and see the workings of our souls, and feel the throbbings of our hearts; and let us do the same in England. This will be reciprocity indeed! Every such messenger between the two lands is a fresh hostage of peace for both hemispheres. Elihu Burritt, even better known in the homes and on the platforms of England than he is in his native land, is a living testimony of affection on the part of each to the other. The two visits of John B. Gough in England have stretched between the land of his adoption and the land of his birth a golden chain, every link of which was forged out of the love of some human heart. The echoes of Henry Ward Beecher's Olympian speech are ringing through Britain still, and are eloquent of perpetual concord. M. D. Conway, through the press and in the parlors and lecture-halls of England, has been for the last five years the real minister of the United States at the Court of St. James, although Charles Francis Adams has had the title and has drawn the salary. The voice of Wm. Lloyd Garrison in England last year wrought once more the miracle of the rod of Moses: it smote the rock of a nation's apathy, and straightway there leapt forth a stream of generous emotion, that quenched the heart-thirst of two alienated empires.

These Americans in England—like George Thompson, Goldwin Smith, Lord Amberley, Newman Hall, Charles Dickens, and Henry Vincent in America—are the real diplomatists of acquaintance and affection for both England and America. And may their tribe increase!

MICHIGAN UNIVERSITY, March, 1868.

TO THE DEMOCRATS.

FROM the field we shall drive you in rout and disgrace!
See the omen! E'en now we are giving you Chase!

M. C. T.

HAVE FAITH IN TRUTH.

BY REV. C. D. HELMER.

TRUST and distrust are the day and night of the human soul. Out of the one issue light and courage, life and strength, liberty and joy; out of the other darkness and apprehension, weakness, bondage, and unhappiness. When Jesus said "According to your faith be it unto you" he uttered an infinite truth. But it was a truth that, like the century plant, presents its mysterious and patient leaves to the gaze of successive generations, and only opens its wondrous blossoms to later eyes.

Distrust is weakness universally, and the unfortunate mother of failure and disaster. He who distrusts himself is a coward; and his cowardice is a traitor, to deliver him into the hands of his enemies. And he who does not confide in a Divine Providence is like a child dropped from his mother's arms upon a battle-field, where opposing forces, blinded by fury, and hurled by prodigious energies, are impetuously contending. It is enough to make one shriek with horror to be in such a world as this without a God to take care of him. Confidence in a Heavenly Father, upon earth, and in daily life, is power, peace, and joy.

But this lack of faith carries all its unfortunate consequences into the sphere of *Truth*. As in many another matter, there are, indeed, people who bravely confide in the truth while it has a crown on its head and, royally robed, sits on the throne of those august Cæsars—popular opinion and ancient belief. Let this king go into exile, however, and, as happens with other dethroned monarchs, the mass of his former adherents sooner or later abandon him. In other words, there are multitudes who give no evidence of genuine trust in the truth.

And yet nothing, perhaps, is more exactly essential than this very confidence. Who can look forth into the world's arena, where Truth and Error are in conflict—a mortal combat, in which one or the other must die—and have any assurance of hope or comfort, without an unwavering faith in Truth? Suppose this White Knight in the conflict is really vulnerable after all—it may be only in the heel, like Achilles, but yet vulnerable—and liable to be fatally wounded. Then, indeed, we are hanging our dearest hopes on the right arm of a human champion; and so we cannot by any possibility stop the quakings of apprehension in our hearts, for he may go down under the blow of his antagonist.

The Syrians, after a defeat near Samaria, fancied that the God of Israel was a God of the hills; and that if the war could only be transferred to the plains the victory would surely be theirs. So, if we have faith in a truth that can fight on the hills only, and not in the valleys, our conditional confidence cannot give us the courage we ought to have.

But what if the truth is really immortal and invincible, and we are able to believe it? Then do not all doubts vanish, all fears subside, and our agitated hearts become calm, under this confidence, as did Galilee's stormy lake under the voice of Jesus? And shall we not, then, take our hands from the scabbard of truth, at which we have been tugging, to drag the warrior out of the field, through fear of defeat; and put an end to the building of fences and fortresses, walls of definition and battlemented decrees, for the vain purpose of preventing all future controversy?

They who distrust the truth demand locks for the lips, believing free speech to be dangerous. They will have the press under the guard of a censor, and the pulpit in the straight-jacket of ecumenical councils, or some other council, or some restraint more secure and trustworthy than the inspired Word of God. And not unfrequently are seen, just outside of these walls and boundaries, valiant hunters, with their leashed dogs snuffing the suspected air for wandering heresies.

As if the friends of truth on God's earth were ordained and appointed to nothing else than to keep it from being harmed! When they should be fighting error with a courage put into their hearts by the Divine Spirit, too often they are devoted to the superfluous work of trying to stop the conflict by withdrawing truth from the field. At one time its nominal friends try to secure it within the walls of the Papal Church; and, as a better defense, they send out the blighting breath of anathemas over all the rest of the world, making it more than one's physical life is worth to walk abroad. At another time, they build about it the fences of Protestantism; and then sit down in fancied security, thinking that now Truth may lay the armor down and rest quietly on the soft couch of protesting creeds. But presently, beyond the walls and over the fences, out in the broad field of the world, there is an ominous sound of battle. Truth and Error are at it again. And then palor on the cheek, alarm in the heart, confusion on the lips of unbelieving friends repeat the old story of distrust.

Are we never to learn this lesson of Divine Providence? He who said "I am the truth" bears the shield and wields the sword in this moral contest for the supremacy on earth; and he has been so gracious as to give us a promise that carries the keys of the millennium. Why not, then, illumine the clouds of this warfare of truth with the light of hope and trust? Why not send terror into the hearts of the enemy by shouts of exulting confidence? Why carry the sombrous banner of doubt and distrust while God offers us a flag of light that would blind the foe and illumine every faithful friend?

The plain fact is, that confidence in truth is not a common thing in the world—even in the nominally Christian world. When the venerable poet writes his profound conviction in these words,

"Truth crushed to earth will rise again,
The eternal years of God are here."

the unbelieving, porsaic souls toss it aside as "nothing but poetry." Well, then, give us poetry for daily food, if prose has lost all its nutrition by losing its faith in truth.

He who loves the truth will, of course, defend it in his turn—will fight for it, and wear thorns for it, and be spit upon for it, and, if need be, die for it, being very jealous of its honor and ambitious for its triumphs; but he will not distrust it. Like Luther, he will take heart by looking up into the unsupported skies—seeing God where no visible pillars are. He will confide in the truth, because it is of God; and will as soon expect the stars to fall as the heavenly arch of truth. And there are two streams that flow to fill the channel of his faith: one out of the nature of truth itself, and the other out of the fields of history. Reposing on this ennobling trust, he will valiantly believe that error, though built into broad-based and solid pyramids, will crumble to the dust under the feet of marching centuries; and that truth, though it be burned in the hottest flames, will, like the phœnix, reappear and live again. Have faith in truth.

CHICAGO.

WESTERN CORRESPONDENCE.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE INDEPENDENT:

CHICAGO, June 3d, 1868.

THE Methodist General Conference, which assembled here on the first day of May, adjourned yesterday, at the close of the morning session. No Methodist conference will go down to history so distinctly characterized by great steps forward as this. It is the conference of progress. For once the voice of the Border—potent so long, backed yet, as always, by eloquent pleaders for old fogyism—for

The Lost Image.*

—:o:—

A STORY.

—:o:—

CHAPTER XXVII.

A LOST IMAGE.

CORBADO, the brazier, was an old employé of the Pope's household, who derived his support by working upon St. Peter's and the Vatican. Morro had sought him out; and, by his kind offices and liberal gifts, had induced him to procure his admission, in the disguise of an assistant laborer, into sacred places locked from profane gaze, which enabled him to view rare pictures and make valuable sketches. No portfolio had ever been so rich as Morro's in its specialty.

Long had the old man awaited the present opportunity. The hurry of Easter Week had caused an accident which required speedy attention. Morro was exhilarant, and dispatched the artisan to procure the proper disguise, and he would meet him soon at his home.

"Yes; but Yankee enterprise is an overmatch for numbers and cheap hire," Langman was observing, as the artist re-entered.

"Probably," said Fleetwood. "But these are men and women, and must live."

"One little contrivance is not only cheaper than a dozen dogged peasants, at a pittance a day; but it does better work and more of it."

"And, what is better," added Fleetwood, "it is a schoolmaster, placing a subject of thought before their minds. A laborer's body may tumble through hereditary toil; but he cannot manage a machine without thought."

"I believe that the improvements in agricultural implements alone, applied to this war-cursed Europe, would cause an intellectual and spiritual reformation."

"And never was there such a place for ventures—for men of nerve and pluck. Europe is fair game for American enterprise. And numbers of our countrymen are quietly slipping into places of trust, and extending business connections with each prominent locality. I am indulging some schemes myself. There's Vesuvius. It never has been profited by. A live joint stock company could utilize its heat, and possibly turn it into a smelting-furnace. How would it look, Daltyre, covered in with a canvas, and the flags of all nations floating at the top; with a series of inclined railways meshing its sides like the net of a pine-apple cheese? Tickets of admission, large dividends, *et cetera*.

"And there's Jerusalem. Capital spot! Ought to be bought by the wholesale. What a famous resort! Eh? I tell you, the New World is becoming old; and now the Old World must be made new."

As Fleetwood was listening to the plans of this ambitious speculator, Morro was bustling around the apartment, and came across a bottle of celebrated Italian wine, which had its history.

"Not even this?" passing by Langman, as he offered a glass to Fleetwood.

"No, never."

"It is singular to meet one who has passed so long a time abroad who does not even *taste* of the simple wines," said Fleetwood.

'I am not a Nazarite, and yet I have my vow. The truth is, I am a teetotaler in principle, practice, interest, and through every motive that can bind a man."

"Langman, relate to Daltyre the story of your friend. I must be off. I have a day before me"—patting Fleetwood on the shoulder—"a day. Perhaps you shall hear of it hereafter. At any rate, hold yourself in readiness to serve me."

"Do you know what a drunkard is, Daltyre?" continued Langman, after the departure of the artist—"the degradation, the intellectual and moral death, the more than beastliness? No, no. I guess no', Daltyre. You can't know what a drunkard is."

"I think I do, Mr. Langman. No one can live in America and not."

"Well, my friend was a drunkard," heaving a sigh. "He was my dearest friend, and was cured on a theory. Pity and his belief in moral inability and in the domination of appetite over will would have kept him a drunkard forever. He was brought to his senses by a wound in a foreign land.

"As he was recovering, and thinking of his cups again, a kind lady read to him that no drunkard can inherit the kingdom of God. Then he felt for the first that drunkenness was a crime. It can be then no mistake, thought he, no physical deformity, no over-mastering of appetite, or the Scriptures would not rank it with adultery and murder. And that friend's face would crimson with shame at the ruin he had wrought. The criminal theory cured him. And this was his soliloquy: 'My will was strong enough to enable me to stop drinking for the sake of this wound, to save my miserable leg. Do not my lost family, my soul, furnish as strong a motive?' And he vowed a vow to God. Oh! Daltyre, you cannot know what a drunkard is." And he paced the floor. "I joined him in this vow to help him to keep it."

"I have long thought, Mr. Langman, that this is the true theory of a temperance reformation. Plant the statutes upon the Bible."

The artist and the artisan, in the meantime, took their way toward the Vatican, in order to enter St. Peter's from the rear, at a private gate. Morro was disfigured into a fitting companion of the filthy Italian; and, as a menial workman is not expected to be loquacious, his heart beat high with hope.

"The keeper of the chapel sent for me. It is for him we work. He has accidently broken the metallic frame of a picture, and wishes it repaired before it is discovered; and hence will be careful that we are not seen."

"In the crowded state of Rome, and the unusual occupation of officials, we may be certain of success," rejoined the eager assistant.

As they arrived at the gate the anxious keeper opened.

"Who is this, Corbado? It does not require two."

"I must have my assistant." And Morro rattled the tools he held in his hand, and looked with apparent unconcern upon the ground.

"It is the Veronica Chapel in which you are to work, and I jeopard everything even in admitting you."

"We shall the sooner finish with two," pressed the old man.

"Enter then, and follow me."

Through a subterranean passage, by the tomb of St. Peter, at first they were led, and then ascended by a secret stairway, which seemed interminable. On reconnoitering at a landing in the dark, the assistant was missing. Detained an instant to pass his hand over a statue that stood in a niche, he had taken a divergent stairway. After a search he was found, and received a cursing in the name of the holy St. Peter, and some thumps to accelerate his ascent.

They arrived at daylight at length, and were led across the floor of the Veronica Chapel, whose most prominent object is a statue of the saint herself; back of which and to the side lay several broken frames and a part of a railing.

"Here," said the officer, pointing out the work in great haste. "This."

"I see. I know all about it," picking up the pieces and fitting them together.

"Make haste; and, if possible, hide all traces of the accident. I will see that you are not disturbed."

And he retired without to guard the entrance.

Corbado soon set at his work, and Morro began his investigations.

"This is the Veronica. The statue declares it, and this inscription."

As soon as the impression of the strange grandeur of the place had a little subsided, he made diligent search for the portrait of Christ.

"Where can the relic be?"

Behind the statue at length he found it, inclosed in a square metallic frame, whose gilding had worn off and revealed its silver base. A piece of surface metal nearly covered the cloth, leaving barely the outline of the holy features discernible.

"Is this the very linen that the sympathizing woman carried out to her Saviour as he was bearing the Cross up Calvary? Were the features of the Son of God, by contact, left here?"

Morro gazed long before he could decipher the entire outline; but upon close inspection, even handling it to improve the light, it became full to his vision.

From his acquaintance with pictures of Christ his imagination supplied what the metal concealed—the flowing hair and the short bifurcated beard. It seemed only a shadow, and yet a distinct one.

He was continually urged to hasten by the grizzly Corbado, who trembled at his familiarity with the holy countenance, and whose hammer and file woke strange echoes. Morro had just commenced to sketch when the officer returned, and it was the work of an instant to transform the artist into the assistant.

Corbado, though proceeding well with his work, was defeated of completing it for the lack of an instrument he had forgotten to bring.

"Are you ready?"

"Not yet. I must go for another implement."

The official scowled, and rattled a volley of tumultuous *rs*.

"Send your man."

"He cannot find it. will hasten back."

Corbado was led out by the officer, and Morro commanded to polish the metal until he returned.

The eager artist caught his pencil as a hero might seize his sword to decide the fortunes of an empire.

"Be true to-day, good weapon. Make every line a revelation," he said, engrossed with his opportunity.

Each blur of the brown tint on the indistinct likeness he peered into as though it held a secret, and transferred every stain with absolute fidelity to his sketch-book.

He then made a study of the statue, and returned again and again to the picture to verify a recurring thought. Almost at once the gloom of evening fell upon the chapel, and Corbado had not returned. The official had been forced from his position by other duties. What to do the artist knew not. Carefully concealing his papers, he resolved stealthily to descend the main stairs and reach the broad transept below.

As he gained the passage, he almost encountered a procession, which approached with a chant. Its lighted torches, and waving censers, and grotesque robing gave a wierd solemnity to the music as it reverberated through the vast edifice and caused every stone to sing.

He took refuge behind the statue. Soon after they had passed he heard the mass progressing in the adjoining chapel. As the gloom settled into darkness the marble figures faded into ghosts, and the mosaic pavement became mottled like a fleecy cloud, and the great paintings haunted the walls like dark apparitions. He sank down opposite the Veronica painting, and felt silence, as an aggressive force, unlock every door of his memory and imagination. St. Peter's at night! the building whose foundations Constantine laid and whose cupola Angelo finished! grand charnel-house of saints' relics! grand mausoleum of genius, center of autocratic piety! Has the religion of Jesus wrought this?

The picture seemed to come forth out of the night. He gazed with an intenseness which first caused it to shimmer with light, until at length each feature shone like fire. The artist saw Christ. He caught the true likeness, and he recognized it with the joy of a victor after a life-long fight. As he lay stunned by his own wild vision, a smaller procession of cowled monks called him to a sense of his situation. They almost touched him as they passed; and as the music died away in the corridors he longed for brush and palette.

"Now can I paint Christ. He is revealed to me here. I see him as he is."

His revery, which alternated between waking and sleeping dreams, was broken by an occasional intruder. Now a penitent would steal in to supplicate the saint, taking advantage of the absence of the usual guard; and now a rotund monk, to eat in quiet some dainties he had purloined; and now a pair of malcontents, smarting from slights and abuses received from superiors.

With the dawn of the morning, as mass began, Morro, watching his opportunity, glided down, flight after flight, until he was arrested by an attendant, who turned out to be the keeper himself, whom Corbado served, returning from a night of purgatory through compulsory absence from his post at the chapel entrance.

"Are the répairs finished? Where is Corbado? Could not effect an entrance—you remained all night—I see it all. Hist! Here! This way!" as footsteps were heard. "Be gone!"

Ejected into the street, wan with the vigils of the night, yet lifted up by his high purpose, Morro, in the tattered, smutty garb of a smith, plunged into the gathering crowd which was already sweeping toward St. Peter's.

He was jostled near the Daltyre party, who were struggling for an advanced foothold, and who shrank back from his soiled garments without recognition. The artist protected his friends as best he could from the crowd, and, leaning forward, whispered in Nina's ear in an assumed voice: "Your name is Veronica," and then disappeared.

Nina felt his warm breath, and heard the utterance, and screamed; for it fitted in with a dim recollection, as of something familiar. And, on after-reflection, canvassing the naturalness of contracting Nina from Veronica, she accepted the soubriquet as her own lost name, and rested in it as a fact.

The artist was soon in his studio, with his precious scraps; and he trembled as might St. John at Patmos on the eve of the Apocalypse. He seemed to touch the veil of revelation, and be ready to pull it aside. He industriously prepared his pencils and easel, and, locked from intrusion, with his heads of Christ arranged around him, and the Veronica at his side, he began his *chef d'œuvre*. He wrought until daylight faded. The lamp, while it dimmed his colors, quickened his imagination. He wrought until he would encounter a difficulty of expression, and then resort to prayer—pray himself over it, as watermen carry their craft over shoals by main strength; wrought and prayed until his silver brush flashed with the rapid strokes and touches; way into the night, until an aureola seemed to illuminate the canvas, and feature and color, eye and lip, quivered as though alive, until the Saviour stood before him in his Nazarite simplicity, in his Calvary ignominy, in his resurrection divinity.

The next morning, Langman, after long clamoring at the door, was admitted.

"Why, Morro! You look like a ghost!" And the exhausted artist, with disheveled hair and distended, languid eyes, staggered to a couch.

"I have done it, Langman. Don't look yet. It must rest to-day. I have painted Christ. I have painted Christ face to face; painted him from one sitting." And he gradually subsided into sleep.

On the following day Morro aroused as from a swoon.

"Where is my picture?" inquired he of the devoted Langman.

"It has not been disturbed. No one has yet seen it.

"Well, then, Langman, you shall be my witness. Only think," devotionally lifting his hands and his head, "it is done! I almost tremble to behold what my own hand created."

They passed silently, as though in the presence of death, to the remotest part of the room, and, turning around to face the easel, the artist's pallid face flushed.

"That is not the one. Where is the image—the true portrait? I *did* sketch this, but flung it aside. This is not the one."

He hastily made search amongst the mass of scattered paintings.

"Langman, are you so cruel as to displace this picture?"

"I have not even seen it. Upon my word."

"Langman, I will sweep Rome, feel it over with my fingers, search it with a lighted torch, to find that Image. And the Veronica sketch gone, too! Who is the robber? Ah! must I be baffled in the very hour of victory? Must the world lose the Image of Jesus?"

Whether Corbado had repented himself of his falseness to the Mother Church, and peculated the fresh painting from the easel and the sketches, or whether the enthusiastic artist had been living in a dream, it would be difficult to determine.

Morro gave this proof of seriousness. A public crier was commissioned to call out through the thoroughfares, "An Image lost! An Image lost!" And, by commanding every channel of publicity, the "Lost Image" was heralded throughout Rome.

(To be Continued.)

THE UNSPOKEN PRAYER.

BY HARRIET MCEWEN KIMBALL.

I PONDERED how to shape my prayer;
I chose the words with pious care,
Lest with my lips I should betray
The wish my heart would hide away.

The thing I craved I dared not ask;
Yet, like a face behind a mask,
That wish looked up through every word,
And it was answered, though unheard!

FREEMASONRY.—IX.

THE ARGUMENT THAT GREAT AND GOOD MEN HAVE BEEN AND ARE FREEMASONS EXAMINED.

BY REV. CHARLES G. FINNEY.

IT is the universal practice of Freemasons to claim as belonging to their fraternity a great many wise and good men.

As I have shown in a former number, Masonry itself claims to have been founded by Solomon, and to have been patronized by St. John. Their lodges are dedicated to St. John and Zerubabel, as I have shown; and Solomon figures more or less prominently in a great number of their degrees. Now it has already been shown by their highest authorities that this claim of having been founded by Solomon and patronized by St. John is utterly without foundation. Strange to tell, while it claims to have always been one and identical, and that it never has been changed, still on the very face of the different degrees it is shown that the great majority of them are of recent origin. If, as their best historians assert, Speculative Freemasonry dates no further back than the eighteenth century, of course, the claim of Freemasons that their institution was established and patronized by inspired men can command no respect or confidence.

But, if this claim is false, what reason have we to have confidence in their assertions that so many great and good men of *modern* times were Freemasons. Investigation will prove that this claim is to a very great extent without foundation. It has been asserted here with the utmost confidence, over and over again, that Bishop McIlvaine was a Freemason. But, having recently been written to on the subject, he replied that he never was a Freemason.

Again, it is no doubt true that many men have joined them, and, when they have taken a sufficient number of degrees to have the impression entirely removed from their minds that there is any secret in Freemasonry worth knowing, they have become disgusted with its shams, its hypocrisies, its falsehoods, its oaths and its ceremonies, its puerilities and blasphemies; and they have paid no further attention to it.

If it were suitable in a newspaper article, I might quote numerous instances in which good men have at first hesitated, and finally refused to go any further in Masonry, and have threatened to expose the whole of it to the world. Whoever will read Elder Stearns's little books on Masonry will find examples of this.

But why should Freemasons lay so much *stress* on the fact that many good men have been Freemasons? It has always been the favorite method of supporting a bad institution to claim as its patrons the wise and good. This argument might have been used with great force, and doubtless was, in favor of *idolatry* in the time of Solomon and the prophets. Several of the kings of the Israelites were idolaters, as well as the queens and the royal family generally.

The great mass of the prophets, and religious teachers, and great men of the nation, lapsed into idolatry. Nearly all the learning, and wealth, and influence of the whole nation could often with truth be quoted on the side of idolatry; and this was, no doubt, a cogent argument with the indiscriminating, the ignorant, and the masses. But what was its real value? It had no real value at all.

Again: So it was in the days of Christ. The high priest, nearly all the learned and influential, and, as the nation understood it, the most pious and godly part of the whole nation, rejected Jesus.

All the religious teachers and all the influential people went in one direction.

The Pharisees, with all their zeal in religion, with all their apparent sanctity, with all their high reputation for most exalted piety, went almost to a man against Jesus, and declared him an impostor. They scoffed and railed at him, and finally murdered him. Those that received him were but a few fishermen, with some of the lowest of the people. Now what a powerful argument was this! If the argument of Masons be of any value, how overwhelming an argument must this have been against the claims of our Lord Jesus Christ!

Why, the rejecters of Jesus could quote all the *great* men of the nation, and the *pious* men, and the *wise* men, as decidedly opposed to his claims! The same was true after his death and resurrection for a great while. The question would often arise, "Do any of the *rulers* believe on him?"

An institution is not to be judged by the conduct of a few of its members who might have been either worse or better than its principles. Christianity, *e. g.*, is not to be judged by the conduct of particular professed Christians; but by its laws, its principles, by what it justifies and by what it condemns. Christianity condemns all iniquity. It abhors *covering up iniquity*. In the case of its greatest and most prominent professors, it exposes and denounces their sin, and never justifies it. But Masonry, on the other hand, is a secret work of darkness. It requires its members to take an oath to cover up each other's sins. It requires them to swear, under the most awful penalties, that they will seek the condign punishment of every one who in any instance violates any point of their obligation. It, therefore, justifies the murder of those who betray its secrets.

Masons consistently justified the murder of Morgan, as everybody in this country knows who has paid any attention to the subject.

This is not inconsistent with their principles. Indeed, it is the very thing demanded, the very thing promised under oath.

But again: This same argument, by which Masons are attempting to sustain their institution, was always resorted to to sustain the practice of slaveholding.

Why, how many wise and good men, it was said, were slaveholders. The churches and ecclesiastical bodies at the North were full of charity in respect to them. They could not denounce slaveholding as a sin.

They would say that it was an *evil*; but for a long time they could not be persuaded to pronounce it a *moral* evil, a sin. And why? Why, because so many doctors of divinity were slaveholders and were defending the institution. Because a large portion of the church, of nearly every denomination, were involved in the abomination. "They are *good men*," it was said; "they are *great* men—we must be charitable."

And so, when this horrid civil war came on, these great and good men, that had sustained the institution of slavery, sustained and stimulated the war.

Many of them took up arms, and fought with desperation to sustain the institution. But what is thought now—at least throughout all the North, and throughout all the Christian world—of the *great* and *good* men who have done this thing? Who does not now admit that they were deluded? that they had anything but the spirit of Christ? that they were in the hands of the Devil all along?

The fact is, this has always been the device of those who have sustained any system of wickedness. They have taken pains, in one way or another, to draw into their ranks men of reputation for wisdom and piety, men of high standing in church and state. A great many of those who are claimed by Freemasons to be of their number never were Freemasons at all. Others were entrapped into it, and turned a "cold shoulder" upon it, and paid no more attention to it; but were ever after claimed as Freemasons.

But there are great multitudes of Freemasons who have taken some of the degrees, and have become heartily disgusted with it. But, knowing that Freemasons are under oath to persecute and even murder them if they publicly renounce it and expose its secrets, they remain quiet, say nothing about it, and go no further with it; but are still *claimed* as Freemasons. As soon as public sentiment is enough aroused to make them feel safe in doing what they regard as their solemn duty, great numbers of them will no doubt publicly renounce it. At present they are afraid to do so. They are afraid that their business will be ruined, their characters assailed, and their lives at least put in jeopardy.

But it should be understood that, while it may be true that there are many pious and wise men belonging to the Masonic fraternity, yet there are thousands of learned and pious men who have renounced it, and thousands more who have examined its claims, and who reject it as an imposture and as inconsistent either with Christianity or good government.

It is sometimes said: "Those men that renounced Masonry in the days of Morgan are dead. There are now thousands of *living* witnesses. Why should we take the testimony of the dead instead of that of the living? The living we know; the dead we do not know."

To this I answer, first: There are thousands of renouncing Masons still living who reiterate their testimony on all proper occasions against the institution. Many of them we know, or *may* know; and *they* are not dead witnesses, but living. Now, if it was wickedness that led those men to renounce Freemasonry and publish its secrets, how is it that no instance has ever occurred in which a seceding Freemason has renounced and denounced his renunciation, and gone back into the ranks of Freemasons? I have never heard of such a case. It is well for the cause of truth that this question has come up again before the Masons that renounced the institution in the days of Morgan *were* all dead. It is well that hundreds and thousands of them are still alive, and are still living witnesses, bearing their steady and unflinching testimony against the institution.

But, again: The present living witnesses who testify in its behalf, let it be remembered, are *interested* witnesses. They still adhere to the institution. They are under oath not to speak against it, but in every way to support it. Of what value, then, is their testimony in its favor?

The fact is, we have their secrets published; and these books speak for themselves. Let the living or the dead say what they may, the truth is established that these books truly reveal Masonry; and by this revelation let the institution stand or fall.

If anything can be established by human testimony, it is established that Bernard's "Light on Masonry" has revealed Masonry substantially as it is. Bernard is still living. He is an old man; but he has recently said: "What I have written I have written on this subject. I have nothing to add, and I have nothing to retract." And there are still hundreds and thousands of men who know that he has published the truth. How vain and frivolous, then, is the inquiry, "Why should we not take the testimony of living rather than of dead witnesses?" The prophets and apostles are dead. Why not take the testimony of living skeptics that we know? Some of them are learned and respectable men. Alas! if dead men are not to be believed!

STREWING FLOWERS ON SOLDIERS' GRAVES.

CLINTON, TENN., May 30th, 1868.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE INDEPENDENT:

IN the vicinity of Knoxville, close by the line of the Knoxville & Kentucky Railroad, is a national cemetery, where between two and three thousand of our heroes, from widely-separate portions of our broad land, are sleeping beneath the sod over which floats the flag they died to save.

The train from our little town was crowded this morning with both sexes. The judge of the circuit and the representative of the county, both ex-Federal soldiers (for that is the material we choose here for officers of trust and honor), were both in the train. Many ladies came, bringing flowers. Quite a quantity of flowers had been shipped the day previous to the committee of arrangements in Knoxville.

The crowd was already gathering at the cemetery when the train arrived, and the simple and appropriate exercises soon began. A band was in attendance, and a platform erected under the tall flag-staff in the center, from which floated "Old Glory." Chancellor Temple first addressed the meeting in brief and touching remarks. He was followed by Col. D. M. Nelson, formerly of the Union army. The public speaking was soon brought to a close; that glorious doxology, "Praise God from whom all blessings flow," was sung; and the work of decorating the graves began.

This was performed in a great measure by the ladies and little girls. Wreaths of flowers and cedars were hung on the headboards, and bouquets laid on the well-kept grassy mounds, which showed that the nation had not been unmindful of her dead heroes.

The sight was touching in the extreme. Side by side, in rows separated by neat walks, were laid the bodies of the gallant men who had found a grave on Southern soil. At each a neat headboard gave the name, company, and regiment, when known.

A sad but sacred tale was told by these inscriptions. Men from widely-scattered homes—some of Tennessee, and others far from mother, sister, or wife in the distant North—fallen in a common cause, were gathered together under the same flag. Here might be seen some more elaborate monument, reared by loving hands; here some headboard whose simple inscription was the word "Unknown." Nothing seems, however, to have been left undone to assist distant relatives in their search for the remains of their dear ones, or to comfort them by the evidence that, though dying far among strangers, a grateful nation had reverently cared for the sacred remains.

Many ex-Federal officers appeared in uniform. The mayor of the city, still lame from a bullet received in the Union army, stood on the platform; and near by him the marshal of the day, a young Ohio officer, who has made his home in this gentle Southern clime. A feeling of reverence for the sacred occasion pervaded every one. It was especially gratifying to observe that present political variances did not prevent a hearty concurrence in this hallowed duty.

Gov. Brownlow's health did not permit of his being present. His heart was as thoroughly with us as it is with everything patriotic, and, extending the term in its natural direction, everything good and progressive—railroads, common schools, and all measures calculated to benefit our state and nation.

But few of your readers, I imagine, know how deeply, yea, desperately, devoted to the Union the people of East Tennessee have proved themselves. The county from which I write furnished more men to the Union army than ever were at one time voters within its limits. Boys could volunteer before they could vote.

All looks well for the coming contest; and it is entirely safe to count on Tennessee for a very large majority for the Republican candidates next November.

MYRON.

TEMPERANCE.

IN Chicago last, year, 14,793 arrests were made on the charge of drunkenness.

—The young women of Phillipsburg, N. J., have formed a society whose members pledge themselves not to encourage the advances of any young man who makes use of intoxicating liquors.

—A drunken man in the town of Erving, Mass., was killed on the railroad a few days since. By his death twenty-three persons were thrown upon the town as paupers, so says one of the selectmen.

—It is stated that T. D'Arcy McGee, at his last election, took the temperance pledge and kept it faithfully; but declined to commit himself by speaking in public on the subject until he should have given himself a trial of at least a year.

—Rev. George Trask, of Fitchburg, Mass., who is president, vice-president, secretary, treasurer, etc., of the National Anti-Tobacco Society, is an equally strenuous enemy of alcohol, and has in his depository the largest variety of temperance tracts that we know of.

—Catholic priests have been holding temperance meetings at Stamford, Conn. Two hundred persons have taken the pledge, and five rum-shops have been closed. We wish they would do more of that sort of Christian work. Nobody has more influence with rum-drinkers than they.

—The warden of the Massachusetts State Prison says that, of the 534 prisoners confined there, about four-fifths committed the crimes for which they were sentenced, either directly or indirectly, under the influence of strong drink. The chaplain says: "The greater portion would be glad to vote for the prohibitory law; for many of them feel that their safety from the perils of drunkenness depends in a great degree on such a law."

—The Pennsylvania State Temperance Society is responsible for an almost incredible statement in reference to the alarming extent at which drunkenness is subjugating the female portion of refined society. It publishes the following enumeration of the applicants for admission to an inebriate asylum: clergymen, 39; judges, 8; merchants, 340; physicians, 226; gentlemen, 240; *rich men's daughters*, 1,300!

—More than one-half of the entire revenue of England—thirty-two out of sixty-two millions of pounds—is derived from articles which not only can be but ought to be dispensed with: that is, from alcohol and tobacco. Thus tobacco, with licenses connected with it, yields £6,533,466; spirits, etc., yield £16,400,513; malt, beer, etc., yield £7,669,346; wine, etc., yield £1,533,451: total of duties paid on luxuries, £33,136,676.

—Strange stories are floating about in European court circles respecting the private habits of the Emperor of Russia. It is said that he is drunk most of the time, and that his recent illness was not a slight stroke of apoplexy, as was reported by the continental papers, but simply an attack of the delirium tremens. The recent "excitement" under which Disraeli delivered an important speech in the House of Commons is attributed to the fact that the glass of brandy and water by his side, from which he refreshed himself, was stronger than he supposed. Since that blunder he has not trusted himself even sucking with the customary parliamentary oranges.

—The other evening, in Paris, some students found a man dead drunk in the streets. They put him in a carriage, shaved the priestly tonsure on his head, dressed him in the white robe of an Augustine monk, with sandals and a rosary, and delivered him at the monastery of the order in the Rue d'Enfer. The porter took him in, and the young men were kindly thanked for their charitable trouble. The next morning the drunkard awoke in a cell, with a monk saying prayers at his bedside, and ready to rebuke him for his misconduct. They supposed he had come from a branch of the order at Marseilles; but it turned out that he was a dealer in chestnuts from the Place Dauphine.

—According to Dyer's official report, there are in this city 5,206 licensed places selling intoxicating liquor. Superintendent Kennedy placed policemen at 223 of them for 24 consecutive hours, and this is the result: each rum-hole receives a daily average of 134 visits, making an aggregate of 607,202 per day, 4,183,213 per week, or 218,224,230 visits in one year! Each visit averages at least 15 minutes. This gives us 5,455,605 days of 10 hours each, or 1843 years. Each rum-hole receives a daily average of $141 53, making an aggregate of $736,280 59 per week, $38,286,590 68 per annum; to which add the value of lost time, estimated at a dollar a day, and not including Sundays, and we have $48,612,193 68. So says Mr. Van Meter.

—The Chinese historical classics, which have been lately published, compiled originally by Confucius, contain an imperial liquor law three thousand years old, which ends with this mandate to the officers:

"The clubs of drinkers do not you fail to apprehend, all of whom you must seize in order to forward them to Chow, where I may, perhaps, make away with them. Also with respect to Yin's misguided ministers and officials, who are immersed in wine, you had better not put them to death, but merely instruct them."

This decree was especially directed against a drunken emperor, who was not only himself an example of gross intemperance, but encouraged his subjects to indulge in similar excesses, and is said to have provided wine-baths for his courtiers.

SABBATH-SCHOOLS.

IT is said that 48,000 children attended the New York S.-S. Anniversaries, the services of which were divided among 34 churches.

—Mr. Pardee is indefatigably at work for Sabbath-schools. He has just been to Louisville, Ky., to the Illinois Convention at Du Quoin, and is this week at the Iowa Convention at Clinton.

—There is a Methodist Sabbath-school in Copenhagen, Denmark, having 300 scholars. It publishes a little Sunday-school paper, of a single quarto leaf, for its own scholars and a few other Methodist schools in Norway and Denmark.

—The Minnesota Sabbath-school Convention will be held at Faribault, on June 16th. We presume Mr. Pardee, who is at the Iowa Convention this week, will be either there next week or at the Wisconsin Sunday-school Union, which meets at the same time at Racine.

—Mr. Hammond, whom so many of our Sabbath-school children remember, has held meetings in Glasgow for several weeks at the various Presbyterian churches. Great blessing has attended these services. On the 1st of June he was to begin a similar series in the city hall in Perth.

—The State of Maryland has 973 Sunday-schools belonging to Evangelical churches, and 131,188 children attending them. The number of children in the state is 193,500, leaving 62,312 yet outside of the Sabbath-schools. The city of Baltimore includes 42,000 of the Sunday-school-going children, and 69,500 of the child population of the state.

—There are in connection with the United Presbyterian Church of Scotland 923 Sabbath-schools, 9,536 teachers, 75,062 scholars, 542 senior Bible-classes, taught by elders, with an attendance of 3,184, giving a total of 94,668 children and young persons under religious instruction. During the last seven years 690 teachers and 5,259 scholars had been added to the rolls.

—The church of the Holy Trinity in this city, Rev. Stephen H. Tyng, Jr., rector, held its anniversary last month. Four years ago the school commenced with ten scholars, and now the church schools and their three chapel schools report 1,300 in attendance. Their missionary offerings, inclusive of the receipts of a fair and a course of lectures, amounted to the large sum of $5,435.

—The famous Benton-street Mission Sunday-school in St. Louis, of which Mr. E. D. Jones is superintendent, makes it an invariable rule publicly to discharge any teacher who fails to be present or provide a substitute or valid excuse for absence. They think that it is as much the duty of a teacher as of a preacher to see that his post is filled. It holds a children's prayer and inquiry meeting after every session.

—It has been recently stated that the Tremont Temple Sunday-school of Boston is the largest in Massachusetts. Superintendent Bessey, of the Pleasant-street Methodist Sunday-school, reports 900 in his school, and expects to add at least a hundred more this summer. A marked revival has been in progress in the church and Sabbath-school; and the pastor, Rev. L. Benton Bates, who seems to have the physical endurance of Wesley or Whitfield, preached on seventy consecutive nights.

—The 39th anniversary of the Brooklyn Sunday-schools was the grandest ever seen on the continent. Nearly 25,000 children marched with banners and music, and the city never presented a more beautiful sight. They were divided into five grand divisions, and met in various churches for addresses, and in the open air or in their school-rooms for refreshments. The flags of the city hall and other public buildings, on the churches, and many private houses, were displayed during the day in honor of the event.

—The Methodist General Conference elected Rev. D. Wise, editor of the *Sunday-school Advocate*, of New York, adding to his duties the superintendency of the preparation of Sunday-school books and children's tracts. Rev. J. H. Vincent was elected editor of the *Sunday-school Journal*. He will also have charge of books of instruction for Sunday-school and normal classes, and be corresponding secretary of the Sunday-school Union and superintendent of the Department of Sunday-school Instruction.

—It is pleasant to hear from the antipodes. The Sunday-schools of Hobart Town, Tasmania—how many Sunday-school children can tell where that is?—held a late annual gathering, at which the Wesleyans mustered six schools and 696 children; the Congregationalists five, with 660 children; the Presbyterians three, with 212 children; the Baptists two, with 132 scholars; and a ragged school had 85 children: amounting in all to 1,785. The next day the Episcopalians held a separate celebration, with their five schools and 650 children.

—The Rev. Dr. Hornblower, of Paterson, N. J., recently stated, in a Sunday-school celebration in that city, that the Sunday-school enterprise was started in Paterson, *some seventy-four years ago*, by Sarah Colt, a little girl *eleven years of age*. She collected the children of the factories, and taught them, from Sunday to Sunday, until she had as many as sixty under her personal care. This she continued for a series of years, until she left the city for a season. When she returned she resumed her Sunday labors, and for forty years was a teacher of youth. She is now in her eighty-fifth year.

—The Bethel Sunday-school of Cincinnati claims to be the largest in the United States, both in the full enrollment and the average attendance. The superintendent says: "Our average attendance during the hot summer weather, the period of smallest numbers, reached a fraction over 1,100; for the like period in winter, 1,800; with an average for the year exceeding 1,600 scholars. Our attendance on a single Sabbath has reached 2,250. We are entirely within bounds in stating that 4,000 different scholars have, during the year, attended our school for periods of longer or shorter duration."

—The American Sunday-school Union reports advance in almost every department the past year. It has distributed more books than ever before, and has published 40 new books, 25 of them original. The contributions to the missionary department have been $9,505, which is $222 less than last year. The expenditures of this department have been $117,987, which has been spent for salaries of missionaries, books donated, etc.; making, when added to last year's account, a deficit of $29,587. One hundred missionaries have been employed during the whole or parts of the year, in 22 states, who have organized 1,737 schools, with 10,667 teachers and 70,972 scholars.

FOREIGN GLEANINGS.

THE petition in favor of woman's suffrage, which has just been presented to the House of Commons, received 21,757 signatures. These signatures included a number of those connected with English periodical literature.

—The Duke of Buckingham has issued a dispatch to the Governor of Natal giving instructions that any official taking part or aiding in the consecration of a bishop in opposition to Dr. Colenso shall be immediately suspended.

—The Queen of Spain has sold her necklace to Madame Musard for £24,000. The ex-Queen of Naples has followed her example, and has sold a pearl and diamond necklace to a courtesan for £15,000. This necklace is described as consisting of a series of medallions set with pearls of immense size, each medallion being connected by chains of diamonds.

—Much dissatisfaction has been expressed in England at the fact that at, the hight of the ministerial crisis, Queen Victoria should have posted off to Balmoral. These summer visits to her Highland home are not favorable to the dispatch of business. It is not easy at a distance of six hundred miles to hold conferences on the subject of the resignation of a ministry. A speaker in Parliament ventured to ask why she did not resign.

—Prince Charles, of Moldavia, has taken the wise course of ascertaining for himself the state of the facts as to the Jews. Both his ministers and the Chamber denied them; but he has seen cause to dismiss the prefect of Bakou, who brutally executed the orders of the home minister, and the atrocities of others have come to light. The National Guard, which connived at them, has been dissolved; and, in fine, the intervention of Austria has proved decisive.

—The street-sweepers of Paris number five thousand, and not one of them is French. They are Germans, from Hesse Darmstadt. The pay is so small that only the most economical can make a living; but these Hessians do it, and some large families save enough to go home after a few years and buy an acre or two of land. Many a young couple, whose poverty is a bar to their marriage, according to the local laws, go to Paris, are married by the German pastor, and begin life by sweeping the streets. They inhabit a barren, rocky hill in the northern extremity of Paris, where they have a neat Lutheran church.

—Ex-Governor Eyre, of Jamaica, has been released from custody, the charges against him not being sustained. The telegraph does not explain this remarkable escape. Testimony was adduced that men were sent to scour the country, to shoot down all whom they saw running away if they could not catch them, to burn down houses and destroy all fruit-trees. One soldier testified that he was in such a squad, and that they approached a dwelling where a man was sitting before the door playing the flute. On seeing the soldiers approach, he was naturally frightened and ran away. They obeyed orders and shot him.

—King Theodore's ruthless slaughter of three hundred prisoners has quite extinguished any admiration for his brave defense of Magdala, and his death worthy of Cato. A few days before the battle on Good Friday he slaughtered all the natives whom he had captured from the British, hewing them down one by one with his own hand till he was tired, and then calling on his musketeers to finish the affair, and hurl them in a mangled heap over the precipice. The stench of their unburied bodies impressed in a terrible manner upon the British soldiers the possible fate of their own countrymen, who were so miraculously preserved.

—A case of alleged clerical neglect has been investigated at Exeter, England. For several weeks there has been no service in the church of St. John and St. George, which parishes are united. A dozen had latterly been the average attendance at the parish church. The rector was said to be ill, and could not leave his home. On one of these evenings, the senior warden of St. George's saw the rector behind the door in the Southwestern Hotel, "in his slippers." It was stated at the meeting that the rector was an excellent singer of "The Cock-tailed Pig." A deputation of parishioners was appointed to represent the case to the bishop of the diocese.

—The authorities of the Mountjoy Prison, in Ireland, not only provide religious privileges for their convicts, but compel them to improve them. John Brophy, convict, was asked by the governor of the prison what was his religion, and what chaplain he would prefer. But John Brophy had no religion, and said so. But, there being honor among thieves, there must be religion; and the governor insists that he shall select a religion. John Brophy was contumacious. Thereupon he was put on a spare diet of bread and water for three days. Being still refractory, three days more fasting was ordered. At the end of the six days John Brophy concluded that religion was a less evil than bread and water, and selected the Roman Catholic faith, and enjoys the confession of its chaplain. Such is the story, interrupted by laughter, which the Earl of Mayo told the other day in the House of Lords.

—At the time of the marriage of the crown prince of Italy the identical shroud in which our Saviour was buried was exhibited in Turin. The *Osservatore Romano* traces the relic to Nicodemus, whom it calls the head of the Sanhedrim. In 1421 it was in the possession of a Lady Margaret, of France, who, flying from war, betook herself for refuge toward Louis the First, Duke of Savoy. She, having the holy shroud about her, was attacked by robbers, who, about to cut it in pieces, were suddenly stricken blind. Of course, the miracle converted them into honest men. As for the lady, she, packing up her traps, turned back; but at the outer gate of Chambery the mule which bore her and her miraculous relic refused to budge one step further. What could this mean? It must be the will of God that the holy shroud should remain at Chambery; so she presented it to Duke Louis. And thus the House of Savoy owes its possession of so choice a gift to the obstinacy of a mule!

—The sudden death of Cardinal Andrea is looked upon with some suspicion. His recent retractation had not gained him the fav

The Children's Column.

MISS SPARROW.

BY CAROLINE CHESEBRO.

ONE afternoon I went to visit Miss Sparrow, who lives in Union Square.

She has a small house, which has not only a "brown front," but a brown rear also. There is as little pretense in her mansion as there is in herself. When you see it *you see it*, and not something else that looks like the thing represented. The building was designed by a great architect; and within its limits will be found, I venture to say, as much comfort as can be found within the four walls of any house in the Square. The park has a fountain, and is considered very fine. But I need not describe that. The house of Miss Sparrow might easily be overlooked, so modestly does it stand among its more conspicuous neighbors; but the park will always be sure of the admiration of whoever passes that way.

Miss Sparrow is a musical character, and she lives precisely as I should suppose an artist would find it necessary to live. She is an honorary member of the Conservatory, and of the Philharmonic Society; but the fact, I fancy, does not burden her much. Though a musical critic and performer of the first class, there's no more pretense about her than there is about a lilac. I doubt whether she ever set foot within the opera-house, and all the crowds of foreign singers (she is English herself, to be sure, but that is not foreign!) must get on as best they can without her patronage. Sometimes she gives a concert, and then there is a rush—not for tickets, for her concerts are free, but for seats. And yet I have often wondered that these entertainments are not attended by still greater crowds. Perhaps people in general do not really understand about them. Miss Sparrow would never think of advertising in the papers, of course.

As I began to tell you, I went down to the park the other afternoon to visit my friend. I was delayed by the way, and on arrival found that there had been a grand matinee. Hundreds of professional choristers had rendered the Hallelujah Chorus in the most superb style, and Miss Sparrow herself was singing a solo when I went in. I sat down on a bench near the fountain, and looked around; but, if I had recognized an acquaintance there, do not fancy that I would have spoken, for it seems to me that nothing can be more rude than to sit down in a concert-room and begin to chatter with your neighbors while a great artist is singing or speaking.

The instant Miss Sparrow finished her song there was a murmur of admiration that seemed to rise up from under every tree in the park; and even the fountain, I thought, bubbled over with admiration. In the midst of it all a little lady, seven years of age perhaps, who sat near me, exclaimed, "Oh! oh! did you ever hear anything like that!" And I then for the first time noticed the child.

She was on the bench behind me, and by her side was a serious-looking woman, who sat with her hands folded, and an expression on her countenance that would have made you feel certain, had you seen her in a church, that her heart was full of worshipful, holy feeling. The girl, on the contrary, made me think of the gayest tropical bird I had ever seen, she wore such a variety of bright colors. I should have enjoyed looking at her—for a gay flower, or bird, or leaf is a pretty thing to see—had there not been an invitation in her eyes, which said as plain as words could say, "You may look at me and admire me as much as you please, for I think I am worth admiring."

After a few minutes I noticed that the concert was over; the artists were leaving, and also the guests—or the audience, as you please. But the little lady near me kept her place, and the woman also; and I understood very well that they wished Miss Sparrow would sing again. I wished so myself; but we were all to be disappointed.

As I sat there thinking what a wonderful thing a song is, when it can give one such comfort and consolation as I had received from that single solo, the voice of the little girl again attracted my attention.

"What a queer little brown coat you do wear," she said; "and a brown cap too, I declare! And brown stockings to match. Isn't she pretty, Katy?"

"As neat as a Quaker, Miss Alice," was the answer. And who should it be but Miss Sparrow herself whom the child was addressing with such familiarity! My friend recognized me, and smiled and nodded in a way that told me she quite enjoyed being mistaken for one of her humble assistants.

"Wouldn't you like to have a red plume in your cap, though?" asked Miss Alice, drawing the ends of the long crimson plume she wore through her fingers. "I have a South American, at home who dresses in orange, and green, and blue, and red! Suppose you go home with me. He has a fine large house of his own. There's plenty of room in it for such a little thing as you are."

"Thank you, no," said Miss Sparrow. "I don't care much for splendor. I am very well satisfied where I am."

"I should think likely," said I to myself.

"Perhaps you would not understand his language," remarked Miss Alice, kindly. "Besides, he is very gay. You feel awkward sometimes, don't you, seeing so many fashionably-dressed ladies and gentlemen in the park?"

"Not in the least," said Miss Sparrow, with dignity. "Why should I?" Then she looked sideways at me, smiling.

"O, I don't know; only I think *I* should, if I didn't dress like other people."

"I do dress like others. Like my own people, at least," said my friend. "Of course, I don't go to China for my fashions."

Then, as if she felt that she had said a sharp thing—for Miss Alice blushed and looked foolish—Miss Sparrow added, kindly:

"I haven't as much time to think about what I will wear as some. I lead a very busy life."

"Busy! I should really like to know what *you* have to do!" exclaimed Miss Alice. "Wouldn't you, Katy?" and then she laughed merrily.

"Yes," said Catharine, in a very different tone. "I would, very much."

"I have my house to keep, in the first place, and my family to look after; and then there's my voice to cultivate. My chief business that is, for my voice is my talent, you know."

"Do you really have to work very hard?"

The voice of Miss Alice sounded now so earnest that I was obliged to turn and look at her. Then I said, in an undertone, which I felt sure Miss Sparrow would hear:

"Oh! if that girl has found a teacher, and will only be taught!"

Miss Sparrow nodded her head. That was meant for me.

"I am always busy," said she. "I don't know what would become of me, really, if I were not. I suppose I should go wandering about the grounds and staring at people. If I hadn't anything to do for myself, I am pretty sure I should never find time to do anything for others."

"That sounds queer," said Miss Alice.

"She means," said Catharine—and what a voice her's was for kindness!—"she means that she never would think that there was anything to be done for others if she didn't find it out by seeing how much she must do for herself. As there are folks who *can't* do for themselves, they must be left very bad off and wretched, destitute of everything that could make them comfortable, unless somebody came along looking for 'em, and happy of the chance to do 'em good."

"*Did* you mean that?" asked the girl, astonished.

"Yes!"

Miss Sparrow was evidently delighted that the serious young woman had understood her so well.

"Do you ever take notice of the happy people who come your way?" asked the good Catharine.

"Always!" it was evident that the question pleased Miss Sparrow. "I don't believe that a happy person ever goes by that I don't see," she said. "I wouldn't like to think there was—they are so beautiful, the happy ones."

Won't you tell us about them, if you please?"

The color came to the girl's face again, as Catharine asked this favor. Of course, I knew then that these two had been talking with each other, and disputing about something which they expected Miss Sparrow to settle.

"I know of one," said Miss Sparrow, speaking very promptly. "He is a young man, who lost his right arm in one of your great battles. He comes this way every evening—later than this. I don't know where he works, or what he works at; but he comes along early in the morning and late in the afternoon, walking very slow, and I save my best notes for him. When he goes on into the street again I notice that he walks faster. I suppose to make up for the time he has lost in these grounds."

"Dear fellow!" said the nurse, with a low voice; and she wiped a tear from her cheek.

"Oh! do you call him happy without his arm?" asked Alice, in a voice still lower. "And beautiful, too did you say?"

"Happy and beautiful," repeated Miss Sparrow. "What is an arm compared with doing your duty? A great deal happier he is, I should think, and a great deal more beautiful, than a fellow that has two strong arms, and has never learned to do a good work with them. There's one day of the week when the young man seems to have more time than he has on the others."

"That must be Sunday," said Alice to Catharine.

"He sits down where he can see him that's over yonder."

"Do you mean Washington?" And Miss Alice looked across the Square, toward that fine equestrian statue of the hero whom we love to call the Father of his Country.

"Yes. And he looks at the image till he seems as grand to me as the General himself."

A silence followed this remark. It was broken by my friend. She sang a song for the happy heroes, dead or maimed, to whose valor we owe the preservation of the Union and of our country's honor.

After a while Katy spoke again.

"Will you tell us something more about the happy and beautiful people you see here?" she asked.

Quickly came the response:

"I see a gentleman led along very often by a little boy."

There she stopped.

"Blind?" said Katy.

"Yes."

"And happy?" said Miss Alice.

"Happy? O, yes! He cannot see anything, but he can feel everything. He is happy because his soul is so full of music. He plays the great organ of a great church on Sunday; and all his song is, 'Glory be to God on high! Peace and good-will to men!' Then, very often I see two girls going by. They are just like two flowers. One is a white lily and the other a sweet pink. I have often approached quite near to them and sung my loudest songs, and they never showed a sign yet of having heard. Of course, they cannot hear. They seem to understand each other though, for they make signs with their fingers; and I know that they don't feel they have lost anything by not hearing."

"Deaf and dumb, and happy!" said Catharine. "Just to think of that! Do you ever see any more?" she asked, quickly; for she saw that the day was ending, and that in a few minutes she must leave the park.

"Every day and hour!" answered Miss Sparrow. "Yes, every hour!"

"Do all these happy folks look as if they were rich, and had everything they wanted?"

"What do you mean by that?" asked Miss S. "Nearly all of them look as if they had to do without a good deal."

"I thought so. And they work for their living, don't they? Miss Alice has been telling me that the poor people and folks that work are very unfortunate, miserable creatures. I didn't know that before."

At this my friend nearly betrayed herself, for she broke into a loud song that sounded like laughter. It was not very polite, of course. But very likely the idea suggested by the nurse seemed so absurd to her that she could not help it.

"I never saw any happy people yet that didn't know how to work—yes, and like to work," said she. "I don't say that it's work that makes folks happy; but I know the disposition that makes them work *keeps* them happy. I don't say rich folks are never satisfied, either. Poor people are not always dissatisfied and discontented; rich people are not always satisfied and content. The most dissatisfied folks I have ever seen were those who seemed to think they had nothing to do but put fine clothes on their backs, and walk about the streets seeking for the admiration of strangers and folks whom they didn't expect ever to see again."

"Must I go and be a Quaker?" asked Alice, quite seriously, and with so much humility that I own I was surprised.

Miss Sparrow answered not a word. When the nurse had finished speaking, she began to walk about as if she were considering the words she had heard, and what she had better do. Finally she went up to the porch of a little, unpretending house near by, and—began to sing.

"Ain't you going to say anything?" asked Alice, looking up with a face from which all the pride seemed to have passed.

"Yes. Come this way the next time you have a new suit, and I'll see if it's that makes you happy. That will be fortune-telling, you know."

"She shall," said Catharine, hurriedly, and gratefully, too, I thought. "Come now, Miss Ally, we must go home. See how dark the park is getting."

They walked away together, hand in hand. I knew, as the child passed by, looking back at Miss Sparrow, and kissing her hand at her, that it would be a long time before she could forget the happy soldier, and the happy blind man, and the happy deaf and-dumb-girls. It will be a long time, too, I think, before I forget.

Selections.

ABOUT BELLS.

THERE are many curious things about bells. The very name in old times meant to *bewl* or to *bellow*, and they have made much noise in the world. With their brazen tongues they tell of joy and sorrow, of war, of peace; they call to church, to marriage, to death, to work, to play, to school, to fire, to bed, and to rise. They mark the hours of passing time; and, whether at bright noonday or in the dark and quiet night, the stroke of the bell stops us in our thinking, as if with a sudden message from the unseen land.

No one knows when bells were first used; but it was a long time ago, for the Bible speaks of them in Exodus, and we hear them tinkling and ringing all down the ages, sounding through the shadowy past; and we read of them in the palaces of kings, in the holy temples, in public and private places, even to the "jingle with "rings on their fingers and bells on their toes." Sometimes they swung in church-towers, sometimes shook out merry music on the heads of prancing horses, and sometimes hung as ornaments to dress. The "king's fool," or "merry-andrew"—he whose sole business it was to make sport for his monarch—wore little bells dangling from his caps; and to wear the "cap and bells" became a common expression to apply to over-frivolous persons. "Foolscap" paper had its name from the early custom of paper-makers of representing the "cap and bells," in water lines, in the paper of that size, as a trade mark. The name still remains, and sometimes is seen the quaint device, as in olden times.

The first bells were small, and were perhaps as often for ornament as for actual use; but, as time passed on, they were gradually applied to sacred purposes, and at length large bells were made for attracting the attention of the people and for calling them to worship. The inventor of church-bells is said to have been a Bishop Paulinus, who lived about fourteen hundred years ago. In primitive times, before these large bells were in use, we read that in eastern countries the hours of sacred service were proclaimed by means of a rattle, or by striking with a stick upon a board. Not longer ago than the reign of Charles II. of England, in a comedy, the company assembled at a country house of the upper class are called to dinner by the cook knocking on the "dresser" or cupboard with a rolling-pin.

It would be amusing to enumerate the different purposes for which bells have been used in times past. For instance, one of the popes, Clement VII., had a beautiful silver bell for cursing animals. Its surface was covered with rich carvings of serpents, flies, grasshoppers, and other insects; and it was rung by the Pope, in the belief that its sound would scatter these troublesome creatures. In those days people had strange beliefs, and bells were supposed to possess singular power. As scattering diseases, driving away evil spirits, invoking good spirits; and the brazen metal was often wor nigh worshiped. Popes and priests, kings and subjects, masters, mistresses, and servants, all have in turn served or been served by "the swinging and the ringing of the bells."

—*Sam'l Burnham, in Our Boys and Girls.*

DELIGHTFUL ITALIAN VILLAGE.

PRESENTLY we came to Anacapri, cleanest, most picturesque and delightful of Italian villages. How those white houses, with their airy *loggias*, their pillared *pergolas*, and their trim gardens, wooed us to stay and taste the delight of rest among a simple, beautiful, ignorant, and honest people! The streets were as narrow and shady as those of any Oriental city, and the houses mostly presented a blank side to them; but there were many arches, each opening on a sunny picture of slim, dark-haired girls spinning under silk, and grandams regulating the frolics of children. The latter, seeing us, begged for *bajocchi*; and even the girls did the same, but laughingly, with a cheerful mimicry of mendicancy. The plazza of the village is about as large as the dining-room of a hotel. A bright little church occupies one side; and, as there was said to be a view from the roof, we sent for the key which was brought by three girls. I made out the conjectured location of the ninth, tenth, eleventh, and twelfth palaces of Tiberius, whereof only a few stones remain, and then found that the best view was that of the three girls. They had the low brow, straight nose, short upper lip, and rounded chin which belongs to the Caprese type of beauty, and is rather Hellenic than Roman. Their complexion was dark, sunburnt rather than olive, and there was a rich flush of blood on their cheeks; the eyes long and large, and the teeth white as the kernels of fresh filberts. Their bare feet and hands, spoiled by much tramping and hard work, were out of keeping with their graceful, statuesque beauty. A more cheerful picture of Poverty (for they are all miserably poor) it would be difficult to find.—*Bayard Taylor, in the Atlantic Monthly for June.*

MARTIN LUTHER'S WILL.—In the last will and testament of this eminent reformer occurs the following remarkable passage: "Lord God, I thank thee that thou hast been pleased to make me a poor and indigent man upon earth. I have neither house, nor land, nor money to leave behind me. Thou hast given me wife and children, whom I now restore to thee. Lord, nourish, teach, and preserve them as thou hast me."

PEBBLES.

My dear," said an anxious matron to her daughter, "it is very wrong for young people to be throwing kisses at each other." "Why so, mamma? I'm sure they don't hurt, even if they do hit."

A SINGULAR freak of Nature was seen in an Arkansas town, recently, in the shape of a man with three ears: one on each side of his head, and a third—which belonged to another fellow—between his teeth.

A STINGY husband accounted for all the blame of the lawlessness of his children in company by saying his wife always "gave them their own way." "Poor things, it's all I have to give them," was her prompt reply.

Two gentlemen were recently walking through a cemetery in a neighboring town, one of whom discovered a playing-card lying in the path. "A queer place for card-playing," said he. "Yes, and spades are trumps in this locality," rejoined his companion.

An old lady, recently lamenting the cold and backward spring, remarked she had some hope yet, as she saw by her paper "that seed time and harvest would never fail!" She was reminded that the sentiment was not original in her newspaper, but was copied from another journal.

A SCOTCH lady, visiting a city, complained much of the hardness of her bed To this her host responded that the harder the bed the healthier the rest—even when the bed was hard as a board. "Oh! aye!" cried the Scotchwoman, "these be the new-fangled boards of health I hear tell of."

WHEN traveling abroad, one of the members of the Ohio legislature, who recently voted for the bill disfranchising traders, wrote home to have his letters directed to "— — —, Eurip." One of the pictures he then purchased, and now adorning his "palatial mansion," is labeled "An Oshum (Ocean) Landskip."

A VERY little boy, after giving everybody a good-night kiss, kneeled at his mother's side to say his evening prayer. He repeated "Now I lay me down to sleep," etc., and continued, "God bless papa and mamma, and make them good Christians; God bless little Jimmie, and make him a good boy." His mamma: "God bless everybody." At this last sentence he was silent. His mother repeated it a second and a third time; when he raised his head, and said: "Everybody but Bob, mamma. Bob drowned my cat to-day."

A CANADIAN paper relates that the mayor of Brantford, while reading a written motion by one of the counselors, broke out into a loud laugh at seeing canal spelled *kannell*. The counselor was indignant. The mayor explained that it should be spelled *canawl*. Other members objected to this, and a general discussion ensued, which was finally ended by a compromise being agreed on. By unanimous vote, it was agreed that *kannell* is the true root—a fact in etymology apparently unknown by either Webster or Worcester.

Commercial Notices.

We often wonder at the short-sightedness of people, but never more than in noticing the renewed controversy between the older and some of the younger Sewing-Machine Companies. Those owning the original and fundamental patents have licensed a limited number to use them for a reasonable royalty, but a portion of them appear inclined to resist further payment, thus subjecting themselves and their patrons to annoyance. We have several times complimented the Weed Machine, and now take pleasure in crediting its managers with shrewdness and sense in securing to their customers *all* the rights owned by the patentees above referred to; thus the public need have no fear in buying this superior Family Favorite.

Principal office 613 Broadway.

ONE OUNCE OF GOLD will be given for every ounce of adulteration found in "B. T. Babbitt's Lion Coffee." This Coffee is roasted, ground, and sealed hermetically, under letters patent from the "United States" Government. All the Aroma is saved, and the Coffee presents a rich glossy appearance. Every family should use it, as it is fifteen to twenty per cent. stronger than other pure "Coffee." One can in every twenty contains a one dollar greenback. For sale everywhere. If your grocer does not keep this Coffee, and will not get it for you, send your orders direct to the factory. B. T. BABBITT, Nos. 64, 66, 67, 68, 69, 70, 72, and 74 Washington street, N. Y.

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1,000 BUTTON-HOLES A DAY
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MATHUSHEK'S COLIBRI PIANO.—If any yet doubt that this wonderful piano, *with little more than half the usual size*, surpasses all by other makers, every doubt is forever banished the moment the little wonder is heard. All who hear it want no other. It has now been thoroughly tested. Warranted for five years. Great inducements to dealers. Send for circular. BARLOW & MATHUSHEK, General Agents for United States and Europe.

S. P. Q. R. were the inspiring characters inscribed upon the conquering banners of the heroic Romans; but D. P. Q. R. are characters which delight our modern nations. They are the initials for DAVID'S PRIZE SOAP, which we are told is sold at every respectable grocers, and is warranted to be the greatest dirt eradicator known to modern science. The manufacturer has *forty years'* experience in the making of laundry soaps, and he ought to know what good soap is by this time. Try it; you'll like it.

THE purest and sweetest Cod Liver Oil in the world, manufactured from fresh, healthy livers, upon the sea-shore; it is perfectly pure and sweet. Patients who have once taken it can take no other. Ask for "Hazard and Caswell's Cod Liver Oil," manufactured by CASWELL, HAZARD & Co., New York. Sold by all druggists.

ECONOMY IS WEALTH.—Whoever buys the common brown soap throws away a part of his money; those who see that their grocers give them Pyle's O K Soap will save money, time, and labor, and have pure white linens.

COLGATE AND COMPANY'S AROMATIC VEGETABLE TOILET SOAP is the best for toilet use. It is composed of healing ingredients, and, being combined with Glycerine, is particularly adapted to the delicate skin of ladies and infants.

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THE greatest triumph of mechanics is the making of three sewing-machines from one, which is done by substituting the Bruen M'f'g Co.'s new Cloth-plate for the old one on the Wheeler & Wilson machine. Price $10. Office 571 Broadway.

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WARRANTED TO REMOVE ALL DESIRE FOR TOBACCO. This great remedy is an excellent appetiser. It purifies the blood, invigorates the system, possesses great nourishing and strengthening power, enables the stomach to digest the heartiest food, makes sleep refreshing, and establishes robust health. SECRETAN AND GRUNWEG FOR FIFTY YEARS CURED. Price FIFTY Cents, post free. A treatise on the injurious effects of tobacco, with lists of references, testimonials, etc., SENT FREE. Agents wanted. Address DR. T. B. ABBOTT, Jersey City, New Jersey.

NEW YORK CATTLE MARKET.

FOR THE WEEK ENDING TUESDAY, JUNE 2, 1868.

[REPORTED EXPRESSLY FOR THE INDEPENDENT.]

BEEF CATTLE.

Choice	@—
Extra	18¾@19¼
First quality	17 @18
Second quality	16 @16¾
Third quality	14 @15
Inferior	@—
Average of all sales about	@17

COWS AND CALVES.

Choice	$95@100
Good	80@ 90
Fair	60@ 75
Inferior and Common	40@ 50

SHEEP AND LAMBS.

Extra, ₩ lb	@ 8
Choice	7¾@ 7¾
Good	6¾@ 7
Fair	6 @ 6¼
Common	5 @ 5¾
Extra Lambs	12¾@13
Good	11¾@12
Common to Fair	10 @11

VEAL CALVES.

Extra and Choice	10¾@11
Good	9¾@10
Common	7 @ 8
Inferior	6 @ 6¼

SWINE.

	Live, per cwt.	Dressed, per lb.
Corn-fed, prime to choice	$9 00 @$ 9 37½	11¾@12
Corn-fed, common to fair	8 25 @ 8 87½	11¾@11¾

WHOLESALE COUNTRY PRODUCE MARKET.

Reported expressly for THE INDEPENDENT, by David W. Lewis, Commission Merchant, No. 62 Pearl street.

Commission on Butter, Eggs, Poultry, etc., is 5 per ct. Flour, Grain etc., 2½ per cent.

Marking-plates furnished when desired.

GOLD ranged at 138@140.

BUTTER.—Receipts for the week were 9,344 packages. There is not enough State Butter to supply the demand, and it sells quick on arrival at good prices. Shipments may now be made to advantage by ice-cars. We quote:

Orange County pails, per lb	30 @35
Fine State Yellow, half-firkin tubs	— @35
do. do. firkins	— @35
do. do. tubs, in lots	— @34
Private dairies, fancy	33 @35
do. do. fair to good	8 @32
Eggs.—Receipts have been light, and demand good. Prices have advanced 2@4 cts. per doz. since our last. Market closes with light stock and a tendency to higher rates. We quote:	
Jersey, State, and Pennsylvania, per doz	25 @26
Western, per doz	24 @25
Egg Oats, per bush	70 @80

LIVE POULTRY has continued in good demand all the week, and, although receipts have been heavy, prices have ruled steady and the market is well cleared. We quote:

Turkies, per lb	22 @ 24
Fowls, per lb	22 @ 23
Ducks, per pair	125@@1 25
Geese, Jersey, per pair	— @—
do. Western and Southern, per pair	1 00 @1 25
Spring Chickens, per pair	75 @1 25

GAME.—There has been but few Pigeons in market this week, and prices are nominal. Squabs are worth 25 cts.@$1 per doz.

DUCKS are very scarce, and indew hands; holders are getting about whatever price they ask. We quote:

Marrows, per bush. 62 lbs	4 @4 50
Mediums, " "	4 @4 50
Rildseys, " "	6 @6 50

BUCKWHEAT is in good demand at @3 62½ cts.

TALLOW is same as last week; 12@12¾ cts.

DRIED FRUITS.—All kinds are firm, with no change in price. We quote:

Apples, State, new	@ 9¾
do. do. old	5¾@ 6
do. Ohio, new	6 @ 6¼
do. do. old	5 @ 5¾
do. Southern	5 @ 5¾
Dried Peaches, new, peeled, good to prime	20 @24
do. do. do. fair to good	18 @19
do. do. unpeeled	6 @10
do. do. unpeeled, halves	12 @13
do. do. quarters	8 @10
Cherries, pitted, per lb	28 @30
BlackBerries, per lb	16 @17
Raspberries, per lb	55 @58
Plums, per lb	34 @36

SUGAR.—The market is very quiet. We quote:

Clover, new, per lb	10@11
Fixseed, prime, per bush	2 65@2 85
Timothy, per bush	2 40@2 65

WOODWORTH PLANERS—IRON

Frame, 18 to 36 inches wide, $125 to $400. S. C. HILLS, 12 Platt street, New York.

PHILADELPHIA CANCER HOSPITAL.—Prof. KLINE, of the Philadelphia University, is making astonishing CURES on CANCER at the PHILADELPHIA CANCER HOSPITAL by a new process, a CHEMICAL CANCER ANTIDOTE, that removes the largest of CANCERS without PAIN or the use of the knife, without CAUSTIC EATING, or BURNING MEDICINES, and without the loss of a DROP of BLOOD. For particulars call or address R. H. KLINE, M.D., 21 Arch street, Philadelphia, Pa.

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DR. LANGLEY'S ROOT AND HERB BITTERS. The Great Blood Purifier, the Best Health Restorer; and the most perfect Spring and Summer Medicine ever discovered.

PRICES CURRENT.

REPORTED EXPRESSLY FOR THE INDEPENDENT.

ASHES—DUTY: 2½ ct. ₩ lb.	
Pot, 1st st 100 lb	8 87½@—
Pearl, 1st sort 11 00	@11 50
CANDLES—DUTY: 24c. ₩ lb.	
Sperm, ₩ lb	@—
Patent Elastic	@—
Dodd's Gilt Edge	@—
Adams Inc. C	@—
Adam's, State	@—
COAL—DUTY: 40c.	$6 @$ 7 50
Liv. Orr'ston	@—
Sidney	@—
Pictou	@—
Anth. $6,000	$ 6 00
COCOA—DUTY: 5 c. ₩ lb.	
Maracaibo, ordinary	@—
Guayaquil	@ 11¼
Para	@—
St. Dom's	7¼@— 8¼
COFFEE—DUTY: 5c. ₩ lb.	
Java, w'h'e, Wheeld 32	@—
Jamaica	@— 15¾
Laguayra	15¾@— 17
Maracaibo	15¾@— 16
St. Dom'o cash	14¾@— 15
COPPER—(Duty—30 ₩ ct. Pig and Bar 2½c. and Sheathing 3c. ₩ lb.)	
Am'can Ingot	23 @— 23½
Baltehi'r new	@—
(sulky ₩ lb.)	23 @—
Sheathing, old	@—
Sheathing, new	@—
Pig, Chile	@—
Bolts	@— 33
DRUGS AND DYES.	
Alcohol	@—
Aloes, Cape	21 @—
Aloes, Socotrine	75 @— 85
Arrow-root	15¾@— 20
Ant'yron, grd	11¾@—
Assafœtida, grd	21¾@— 24¾
Arsenic, now'r	4¾@— 5
Asaafetida	25 @— 40
Balm Canada	52 @— 55
Balsam Tolu	1 50 @—
Balsam Peru	3 50 @—
Berries, Pers, grd	27 @— 31
Berries Turk	@—
Bi-carb. Soda, grd	4¾@— 4¾
Borax, refined	23 @— 23¾
Brimstone, roll	3¾@— 3¾
Brimstone, flor	@— 5¾
Brim'e, 6 ₩ cask	7@ 8
Camph'r, whalebg	@—
Camphor, refined	@1 10
Cantharides	@1 15
Car. Ammonia	17 @—
Cardamoms	@3 25
Castor Oil	23¾@— 30¾
Chamomiles	25 @— 50
Chlorate Pot	@—
Cloves, bold	24 @— 25
Cocculus Indi'us	@— 9
Coch. Mex, good	73 @— 75
Copperas, Am	1¾@— 1¾
Cream Tar, grd	28¾@— 29¾
Cubebs	25 @— 30
Cutch	15¾@— 16
Epsom Salts	3¾@— 4
Gamboge	1 75 @ 2 00
Gum Arabic, w'te	31 @— 38
Gum Arabic, sorts	@— 47
Gum Benzoin	80 @— 85
Gum Myrrh, f. f.	@—
Gum Myrrh, sorts	@—
Gum Opium	3 25 @— 3 40
Gum Tragacanth	1 @— 1 40
Hyd. Pot. Iod	@—
Indigo, Bengal	1 00 @— 1 10
Indigo, Madras	90 @— 1 00
Ipecacuanha	@—
Jalap	1 00 @ 1 75
Lac Dye	20 @— 25
Lac Lake	23 @— 30
Licorice Paste	24 @— 40
Madder, Dutch gold	13¾@— 18
Madder, French	@—
Oil Anise	@—
Oil Bergamot	@—
Oil Cassia	@—
Oil Cinnamon	@—
Oil Lemon	@ 2 50
Oil Peppermint	@ 6 00
Oil Sassafras	@—
Oil Vitriol	@—
Opium, Pr. C	@ 7 50
Oxalic Acid	@—
Phosphorus	@ 1 00
Pot. Prussiate	@—
Quicksilver	@—
Quicksilver	@—
Rhubarb, Chi	@ 2 25
Saltpetre, refin'd	@—
Sal Ammoniac	@—
Sal Soda, ground	@—
Sarsa'lla, Hon	@—
Sarsa'lla, Mex	@—
Senna, Alex	@—
Senna, E. I	@—
Senna, Alex	@—
Shellac	@—
Soda Ash, Wood	@—
Soda Ash, Solvay	@—
Soda, Sal	@—
Soda, Sup. carb	@—
Starch, Potato	@—
Starch, Corn	@—
Strychnine	@—
Sulphate Quinine	@—
Sulphur, Roll	@—
Sulphur, Flour	@—
Tapioca	@—
Tartaric Acid	@—
Turmeric, Java	@—
Verdigris, dry	@—
Vitriol, blue	@—
Vitriol, white	@—
FEATHERS—DUTY: 30 ₩ ct.	
Prime West'n	@—
Geese, prime	@—
FISH—DUTY: Mackerel, Herrings, ₩ bbl; Salmon, ₩ Other Pickled, ₩ 100 lbs.	
Other Fish, Pickled, Dried,	
Smoked, etc	@—
packages, 50 cts. ₩ 100 lbs.	
Dried Cod, scarce	6 00 @ 7 25
Pickled Scale	@—
Pickled Cod	6 50 @ 7 00
Pickled Shad, new	22 00 @—
Mackerel, No. 1, small	@22 50
Mack. No. 2, M.	18 00 @—
Mack. No. 3 M	12 50 @—
Salm'n'fic, N. 2	25 00 @—
Sal. Pic. N'ess	@—
Sal. Pic. No. 1	@—
₩ bbl.	@—
Herring Pic'd	@—
Herr'g's cohox	@—
Herring, No. 1	@—
Herring, Scaled	@—
Herring, Round	@—
North Riv. 8 lb	@—
North Riv. ₩ bbl	@—
FRUIT—Duty: Dried, 3 cts. ₩ lb.; Green, 20 ₩ ct.	
Almonds, Jord	@—
Almonds, Sft. shelled	@—
Almonds, Ivica	@—
Currants, new	@—
Figs, Smyrna	@—
Filberts	@—
Lemons, ₩ box	@—
Nuts, 2 cts.; Dates, 2 cts.	
Raisins, Bl. Grapes	
Raisins, Sultana	@—
Raisins, Muscatel	@—
Raisins, Valencia	@—
Walnuts, Bord	@—
Walnuts, Grenoble	@—
Walnuts, Sicily	@—
Walnuts, Naples	@—
Citron	@—
GRAIN—Duty: Barley, Malt, Rye, Corn, Meal, ₩ bush.	
Barley	@—
Barley Malt	@—
Oats, State	@—
" Jersey	@—
Peas, Marrowfat	@—
GUNPOWDER—Duty: 4 cents ₩ lb. and 20 ₩ ct. ad val.	
Blasting, $25	@—
Rifle	@—
Sporting	@—
HAY—Duty: Free	
Shipping	@—
HEMP—Duty: Russia, $10; Manila, $25; Jute $15; Italian, $40; Sun and Sisal $20 ₩ ton.	
Rope, best	@—
Russia, cut, gold	@—
Russia cut, short	@—
Manilla, ₩ lb.	@—
gold	@—
Jute, gold	@—
Amer. unbl'd	@—
Amer. bl'd	@—
HIDES—Duty: 10 ₩ cent ad valorem, gold	
Buffalo	@—
Gin Sid Cow	@—
Do. do. gr'ld	@—
Bronco	@—
Orinoco	@—
Rio Grande	@—
Rio Janeiro	@—
Salted Ox	@—
Slaughter	@—
Maracaibo	@—
Savanilla	@—
Matamoras	@—
Pernambuco	@—
Vera Cruz	@—
Dry Southside	@—
Calcutta Buff, ord	@—
Do. Kips, Spec	@—
Do. dry-salted	@—
Black, dry	@—
Green, Slaughter	@—
City Slaughter	@—
HONEY—Duty: 20c. ₩ gal.	
Cuba, ₩ gal., duty paid	@—
Cuba (unbonded)	@—
HOPS—Duty: 5 cts. ₩ lb.	
1867	@—
1866	@—
Bavarian	@—
HORNS—Duty: 10 ₩ cent ad val.	
Ox, B. A. & R.	@—
G. A. C.	6 00 @ 7 00
INDIGO—DUTY: FREE.	
Bengal, ₩ lb	@—
Madras, gold	@—
Manilla, gold	@—
Caracoa, gold	@—
Guatemala, gold	@—
IRON—Duty: Bars $37½ lb. R. $70 ₩ ton; Boiler and Plate, 1¾c. ₩ lb.; Band, Hoop, and Scroll, 1¾ c. @ 2c. ₩ lb. Pig, $9 ₩ ton; Sheet, 3c. per lb.	
Pig, English

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The Independent.

THEODORE TILTON, EDITOR.
HENRY C. BOWEN, PUBLISHER.

NEW YORK, JUNE 11, 1868.

GEN. GRANT'S RESIGNATION.

GEN. GRANT, because he is a candidate for the Presidency, is asked to resign his position as commander of the army. But when, four years ago, Gen. McClellen was, in like manner, a presidential candidate, was he asked to resign? We trust that Gen. Grant, instead of resigning, will put forth his utmost power—which he has never yet done since he was made the executive of the congresional plan of reconstruction—to maintain order, justice, and liberty at the South. A just criticism, urged against him long ago, was that, with all the arsenals and bayonets of the United States at his command, he nevertheless allowed the lives of loyal men to be imperiled in the rebel states through a too unwilling or too sluggish proffer of his protection. That criticism has been in part done away; but in part remains. A negro's life, liberty, and property—yes, and many a white man's too—are, at this moment, in thousands of districts throughout the South, in fearful and constant jeopardy. Midnight murders are committed, and yet the assassins escape. Kuk-Klux clans play hellish havoc, and yet the perpetrators go unwhipped of justice. Robberies are innumerable, and yet the jails stand empty. Mutilated bodies of negroes are found lying on the highway, and yet judicial inquiry is not made. Of course, we well know that such things cannot be wholly prevented. Nor do we expect impossibilities. But the one man who, after the President, has the remedy in his own hands is Gen. Grant. We trust that he will not only watch with a sleepless eye, but guard with a protecting arm. Public opinion—always lax toward its favorites—does not hold Gen. Grant to half his just accountability for the current disorders of the South. The President, we know, is a monstrous obstacle; but Gen. Grant has unrestricted power. Since the President's acquittal, the South's evil blood has been hotter than ever. Let Gen. Grant entertain no thought of resigning, but only of taxing his energies to the utmost to curb the lawlessness which still prevails in the South, to the danger of loyal men, and to the reproach of the Federal Government. "Let us have peace."

PETTED MINISTERS.

MEN like to say sharp things of their own profession. Clergymen, lawyers, physicians, all have a way of turning state's evidence on their brethren. The most striking recent instance of this is in the pithy remark of Rev. John Weiss, before the Free Religious Association in Boston. "Our churches are filled with gentle invalids, veterans of sentiment, nurtured at the public expense, and now lingering out an inglorious but not mute career."

This does not aim to describe the average clergyman, perhaps—the speaker himself being one of the brotherhood—but only the drones and weaklings of that profession. Who does not know them? Who has not met the petted minister at the domestic tea-table? Who has not seen him wave his scented handkerchief in the pulpit, and shake his hyacinthine locks? Who has not turned with delight to the roughest pioneer preacher, unable to speak a grammatical sentence, but able at least to lead a manly life?

But let us not lay the whole blame upon the minister. The curse of the American Church is that doom of flattery which waits upon the popular divine. A hundred influences are at work to effeminate him, for one that works to make him strong. There is a pitiful and unmanly look that comes over the face of even a sincere and hearty man when he begins to feel the influence of these sweet persecutions. The one-sided attitude of the preacher is a trial in any case. He misses the useful tonic of opposition which the lawyer receives from the opposing counsel, and the doctor from his rival next door. He has things too much his own way, and has not sufficient means to test his work. A man may suppose for years that he is doing good in his parish, and may discover at last that he has been simply tolerated all the time.

A strong man understands this evil, and tries to guard against it. But to be worshiped instead of merely tolerated; to have every sermon accepted as the oracles of God, and every dinner-table pun applauded as a piece of the rarest wit; to live surrounded by bland brethren retailing every casual word, and sympathetic sisters weeping over every roll of the eyes; to be known as "that blessed man" by the old, and as "our beautiful new minister" by the young; to have even one's honest self-depreciation taken as an added proof of saintliness—this is what demoralizes the petted minister.

For few men can bear petting. Not one in a thousand is strong enough to endure this attributed infallibility. Preaching is softened down to meet the flattery half way. The preacher who, in discoursing before Louis XIV., said solemnly, "We must all die," and then, with a courtly bow toward the king, added, "Almost all, " was a petted minister. The English dean who warned his hearers (so Pope says) that unless they mended their manners they would reach a place which he would not mention in so polite an assembly " was a petted minister.

We do not advocate a coarse roughness among the clergy. Followers of Him who was called, not irreverently, "the first true gentleman that ever breathed," they should at least have the refinement that grows out of stainless lives. It was said of John Newton, by some amazed individual, that "he had the manners of a gentleman, though he had been a buccaneer and was still a clergyman." But we wish to see our clergy too truly dignified to be petted, and too much in earnest to be treated like fops. We do not wish to see their manly qualities spoiled by such a coating of conceit that one longs to say to them, as Sidney Smith said to Jeffrey, "If you could be surprised into the semblance of modesty, you would charm everybody."

BRIBERY AND ITS CURE.

BRIBERY and corruption are not pretty words in themselves, and they sound yet worse when used in connection with the names of state or national legislators, and above all with those of judges. But, ugly as they are, they are not to be smothered through a false shame when there is good ground to believe that the application is deserved. Only the good ground should be first secured, and not a false position taken up to be driven from, which shifts the disgrace from the attacked to the attacking party. It is not gratifying to our state pride that the venality of enough legislators at Albany to carry any measure which it is worth while to pay for should be taken for granted as a fixed fact; nor yet to our national vanity that strong suspicions of the same complexion should be cast on senators and representatives. That there is too much ground for these surmises we fear must be admitted; and that the greatest danger to our institutions lie in this direction cannot be denied.

Unfortunately, bribery can take so many shapes that it is the hardest to unearth of all the vermin that infest society. A man must be an egregious blockhead who cannot contrive to receive his pay for public services to private men without committing the crime of being found out. A few shares in the watered stock of a profitable corporation, a wager as to the success or failure of a particular measure, a friendly present to a wife or daughter, are a few of the many disguises in which bribery can hide itself so that its own father, the father of all lies, would hardly know it. Indeed, our whole civil service has been turned by a diabolical magic into a fund for bribery, by which the people are sold while they themselves pay the price. But that is rather for partisan support than for the promotion of personal jobs. And in these cases it is impossible to fix the offense on the offender so as to inflict any penalty upon him, excepting such as the people may deal out whenever they come to pass upon his case again. And it is to this tribunal of the last appeal that we must look for the cure of the crying evils under what the nation at large, and notably this bribe-ridden state, suffer, with any likelihood of redress.

And we may derive some hope from history in this matter. A century ago the British Parliament was as confidently accused of corruption, which hardly took the pains to wear a mask, as our own legislature at Albany. Good plain bribery, without scarcely the shadow of concealment, was deemed essential to the management of the House of Commons in the days of Walpole, Pelham, Newcastle, and Bute. Wilkes, in his famous No. 45 of the North Breton, accused the ministry of carrying the Peace of 1763 through the House by sheer bribery. And John Ross Mackay, the private secretary of Lord Bute, long afterward declared that the measure could not have been carried without it, and that he secured the votes of forty honorable members by paying them, with his own hands, one thousand guineas apiece; and forty others, as honorable but less dear, for one-half that handsome consideration. Roberts, the private secretary of Mr. Pelham, testified that he himself paid annually, to certain members, sums varying from £500 to £800, as their wages for supporting the minister; which he conveyed in a cordial parting pressure of the hand to these faithful servants. When Mr. Pelham died, in 1754, his brother, the Duke of Newcastle, who succeeded him, demanded of Roberts the book in which he kept the accounts of these little transactions. He refused to deliver it to any hands but those of the king. George II., on receiving it, put it in the fire, and there held it until it was utterly consumed. So that it seems that Charles Surface, in the School for Scandal, made no idle boast when he affirmed of the two members of Parliament, his ancestors, when put up at his after-dinner auction, "that he verily believed this was the first time that they had been either bought or sold!"

Now that golden age of bribery has been so long past in England that these well-authenticated accounts sound like fables, and can hardly be credited. We doubt whether any member has been accused, or even suspected, of being influenced in his public conduct by the coarse inducements of ready money since this century came in. Now this change has been brought about partly by a higher and more delicate moral sense than used to prevail, and which has manifested itself in many shapes of humane reform within the last half-century. But it is mainly owing to the substitution of a higher class of men for the venal creatures of the Pelham ministries; men of higher character, of higher principles, and of higher aims. Now this is precisely the remedy which is to cure this festering sore of our body politic. Too much everywhere, but especially in this state, legislative positions are sought by men of a low order of character and social position, who would not resent the offer of a bribe, direct or indirect; and whose reputation and place in society at home would not be much damaged by the belief that he had accepted one. These men obtain the management of the wires of the nominating conventions, and pull them for their own advantage and that of their like, with whom they interchange the profitable possibilities of membership. Now here lies the cure of these mischiefs. The honest men, thank God! are yet in a majority everywhere; and can have their way when they choose to take it. Everywhere there are men, *omni suspicione major*, above all suspicion of possible bribe-taking. These men could be had, if the people insisted upon it, without subjecting them to the ignoble initiation now unavoidable. These exist in both parties. Let men demand that no candidates shall be put up, however available for the main political ends of parties, who are not men of known high character, of unimpeachable integrity; and let them refuse to vote for any other; and both parties will soon put their best men in nomination, and legislation will be conducted on high principles, right or wrong, and not be made a merchantable commodity. This, and this only, is the cure for bribery; and it is one honest men can have whenever they are willing to take the pains to seek it.

THE CIVIL SERVICE BILL.

MR. JENCKES, of Rhode Island, reported a bill, on the 14th ult., from the Congresional Joint Select Committee on Retrenchment, for regulating the civil service of the United States, which is hardly secondary in importance to any measure that has been brought before the present Congress; and he made a brief speech on the occasion, which clearly stated the scope of the bill, and the urgent necessity for its passage. It was laid over until the 3d inst.; and we sincerely hope that Congress will promptly act upon it, and that it will become a law. The bill provides for the establishment of a new department of the Government, to be called the Department of the Civil Service. It is to consist of four commissioners, the president of the board being the Vice-President of the United States. The duties of the commissioners are to examine all applicants for situations in the civil service; and no appointments are to be made to any office except from the list of candidates who shall have been favorably reported upon. The bill is very comprehensive in its provisions, and wisely framed to meet any possible objections that might be urged against it; and it is difficult to foresee the grounds upon which it can be opposed. Yet we fear that it will be opposed, simply because it is so good a measure, and calculated to effect so great and beneficent a revolution in the administration of public affairs. It will not quite put the civil service, as it ought to do, on a level with the military service. But it will insure a much better class of public servants in the Government offices than we have ever yet had; and, by giving stability to appointments, and making personal merit the only means of promotion, it will greatly increase the efficiency of the service, while it largely reduces its cost. The civil service, as it is now organized, is the most fruitful source of corruption and demoralization in our political system. The members of the civil service considerably exceed in numbers the entire rank and file of our army and navy; and, while the duties they have to perform are of vastly more importance to the national welfare than those of the military department, not one man in a hundred is ever appointed to a place on the score of special fitness, and very rarely is any examination made as to qualifications for the duties an appointee is expected to perform. It is simply a huge system of nepotism and patronage; a costly and bungling method of administration, fraught with danger to the state and constantly increasing in the magnitude of its mischiefs. Every new administration, on coming into power, finds itself in danger of dissolution at the outset, from the political obligations imposed upon it to displace all the old and experienced officers, who have just become accustomed to their duties, and put in their stead a clamorous crowd of expectant office-hunters, whose only claim to consideration is their relationship to some newly-elected member of Congress or successful stump-speaker. The party in power is always weakened by the offices in its gift, instead of being strengthened; and all parties, if they only consulted their own safety, would gladly avail themselves of the opportunity to be rid of an annoying source of discomfort and danger. The Republican party have now the power to carry out this great and much-needed reform, and the country will not pardon them for their remissness if they neglect their opportunity. The measure has been generally discussed by the press, and we have not yet seen a single objection urged to the very excellent bill which Mr. Jenckes has reported.

STRAWBERRIES AND ICE-CREAM.

A COUNTRY PARSON'S VISIT TO THE "INDEPENDENT" OFFICE.

As I cannot (in unexpectedly writing this sketch) avoid making some allusion to myself, I may as well make it at the beginning, and have it out of the way. I am, then, the Country Parson; not the meek-minded man who signs himself "A. H. K. B." and writes concerning veal; but the man with a white cravat and green umbrella, who ate strawberries and cream at the office of THE INDEPENDENT, on Tuesday afternoon of last week.

It happened in this wise. Being on a visit to New York, I proposed to call at No. 3 Park Place, for the purpose of renewing my own yearly subscription, and also of ordering the paper for three of my parishioners at Bytown. The truth is, the good people of our neighborhood think there is no paper like THE INDEPENDENT.

Well, I had hardly turned the corner of Broadway into Park Place, when I saw what Increase Mather himself saw on returning from England in the midst of the American Revolution—namely, that something strange was taking place.

One multitude of people was streaming into No. 3, and another multitude streaming out, reminding me of the Centurion's soldiers, of whom it was said, "One cometh and another goeth." I asked a man at my elbow, "What means all this running to and fro?" "Why," said he, "the folks in THE INDEPENDENT office have invited their friends to a lunch of strawberries and cream at the new offices, from one to three o'clock this afternoon."

I then bethought myself that, unlike Christian's approach to the Wicket Gate, I was coming to a place to which I had no invitation. "I shall be an unbidden guest," thought I. But, remembering that I had an errand of business, and remembering also the excellent advice of Philip Henry (father of Matthew Henry, the Commentator) concerning doing one's duty and leaving the result to take care of itself, I resolved, like Hopeful among the marching pilgrims, to press forward with the rest.

Reaching the foot of the stairway, and looking upward, I saw for the first time that on every step of the stairs, to the fifth story, stood a pot of flowers in full bloom. The whole building looked like one of the gardens of Solomon, when the Queen of Sheba came to visit him from the East.

I ascended to the first landing, and or ever I was aware, I was in the Publication Office: an elegant room, fitted and furnished like a bank—except that all the desks were covered with vases of flowers, and all the windows contained hanging-baskets thereof. I stated to the chief clerk, whose name (as I afterward learned) was Mr. Mead, that, having no invitation to the feast, I did not mean to intrude myself upon it; but that, having four subscriptions to pay, one for myself and three for my parishioners, I would transact my lawful business and immediately depart. "Never mind an invitation," said Mr. Mead, courteously; "any person who comes here to pay his subscription is always welcome." I then recalled a celebrated saying of Louis XIV., that "punctuality is the politeness of kings," and reflected that, in like manner, business promptness is a virtue in clergymen.

"Now that I am here," said I, "if convenient, I would like to see, and take by the hand, two gentlemen with whom, though they are personally strangers to me, I nevertheless feel exceedingly well acquainted. I refer, sir, to Mr. Tilton the editor, and to Mr. Bowen the publisher." "Well," replied Mr. Mead, "Mr. Bowen's office is on this floor, and Mr. Tilton's is up stairs."

I was then presented to the publisher, in his own snug room—an apartment of less size but greater elegance than the chamber in which, according to the uninspired historian, the great Napoleon dictated orders to his officers. The Napoleon of publishers gave me a hearty shake of the hand, deposited my green umbrella in an iron stand at the entrance, and inquired of me (seeing that I was a stranger) where I lived. "I am from Bytown," said I. "In what state?" he inquired. "Do you not know where Bytown is?" I asked. "No," said he, smilingly. "You must excuse me for saying that I never heard of the place before." "Then," quoth I, "you must excuse me for informing you that you once gave a hundred dollars toward buying our new church-bell." At this reminder the good man rather blushed; but I saw that he had previously forgotten the circumstance. Meanwhile my mind reverted to the Temple of Jerusalem, and how it was adorned, as Luke expresses it, "With goodly stones and gifts." There must have been liberal givers in Jerusalem. "You are just in time," said my benignant host, "to join with us in celebrating our opening. Go up stairs, and lunch with our friends." "I would be glad," said I, "to go up stairs and see the Editor-in-Chief."

A young man by the name of Jackson, of dusky countenance, was then enjoined to conduct me up stairs; whom I followed, as Paul observes, "not disobedient."

I thus entered the Editorial Rooms, all the doors of which were open; and a great throng of men saluted my eye. Most of these stood round a bounteous table, and were partaking of the fruits of the earth in their season. Others were in groups, talking or merry-making. Round about and overhead were flowers without number, of all hues and odors. And I may here mention that I never walk meditatively in my quiet garden at Bytown without thinking that, with the Israelites of old, the golden flowers which were carven on the golden candlestick could not have been more sacred to their devout minds than are the simple and perishable "flowers of the field" to the better instructed Christian of our own day.

Looking round me for the Editor-in-Chief, I saw a venerable gentleman, on whose head the snows of many winters had tried in vain to lodge, and whom, at first, I took for that personage. "No," said the faithful Jackson, who was still at my side; "that is the Rev. Dr. Joshua Leavitt, and a very excellent man he is—one of the early pioneers in the emancipation of my race." "Then," said I, "perhaps that other gentleman yonder is he"—pointing to an aged figure, with a gray beard. "No," was the reply; "that is Oliver Johnson. He is a Progressive Friend. And his beard is gray because he belongs to the Quakers. If you are looking for Mr. Tilton, there he is by the window, picking a white rose from a bush. If he had all the plants in Fulton Market, he would still want more." "Nonsense!" I exclaimed. "Mr. Tilton is not so young a man as the person whom you point out. I had supposed him to be about seventy-five years of age." At which remark of mine, Jackson gave a kind of hysterical laugh, peculiar to his race.

My surprise was great at the discovery that THE INDEPENDENT's editor was the tall man, with a youthful face and a rose in his hand; instead of the stout patriarch which I had imagined him, with sedateness on his countenance and with spectacles on his nose.

After possessing himself of my name, my occupation, and my parish, he kindly inquired if I was the author of a series of six articles on "The Political Situation," which he had once received from Bytown, of three columns each in length, and which he begged to say that he had not printed for want of room. I replied that I was; that I believed all clergymen ought to take an interest in politics; and that, as I could not, without offending my deacons, *preach* much on the subject, I therefore desired all the more to *write* on it for THE INDEPENDENT. "Yes," said Mr. Tilton, "I know a great many clerical contributors who preach on nothing but religion, and write on nothing but politics."

I was just then going to ask him what he meant by a merry twinkle which I observed in his good-natured eyes, when, without more ado, he took my arm, and marshaled me toward the festive board.

Imagine a table laden with boned turkeys, chicken salads, cold tongues, pickled oysters, sandwiches, and biscuits; with bananas, oranges, and nuts; with cakes, lady-fingers, and cocoa-nut balls; with strawberries, ice-cream, lemonade, and (best of all beverages) cold water. I was glad to see that the folks at THE INDEPENDENT office were Temperance people.

Among the distinguished persons whom I saw present was the Rev. Dr. Cheever, talking with the Rev. O. B. Frothingham, who both were endeavoring to fix for themselves a mutual basis of doctrinal agreement. The Rev. Cyrus D. Foss, who had just returned from the Methodist General Conference at Chicago, was asking the Rev. Henry Martyn Storrs how he liked Brooklyn. The Rev. Ray Palmer, that sweet singer of Israel, paused occasionally over his silver spoon, to make a brotherly remark to Mr. Charles L. Brace. The Rev. George Lansing Taylor sat in a corner, and seemed to be busy writing. As I had, on that very morning, seen the pictures in the Academy of Design, I knew Mr. Charles A. Dana by his portrait. He was talking briskly and energetically with a gentleman who had a finely-modeled head, and whose beard resembled Prof. Longfellow's, as I have seen it in the engravings. This was Mr. Charles F. Briggs. I was particularly glad to meet him, because I used to subscribe for Putnam's *Magazine*, when Mr. Briggs was its editor. And, speaking of white beards reminds me, also, that I met Mr. William H. Burleigh, who once lectured in Bytown on "Knowledge is Power." His poems, as they appear in THE INDEPENDENT, I never fail to read. He is truly like Heman, son of Joel, "a singer." One of my parishioners takes the *Home Journal*, and sends it round to my study on Saturday afternoons. So I was glad to see Mr. Elliott and Mr. Perry, its editors. In fact, I saw also its publisher, Mr. Morris Phillips, who is not easily seen in a crowd. On either side of him, like Mt. Ebal and Mt. Gerizim, stood the two editors of *The Nation*, Mr. E. L. Godkin and Mr. Wendell Phillips Garrison. This latter young man is in himself *Arcades ambo*. Think of one innocent person possessing two such revolutionary and fire-breathing names! But, though I stood very near him, I felt myself in no danger. Looking round I recognized another poet, Mr. George W. Bungay, who has lectured twice in our town-hall. He was discussing a new Chinese poem with Rev. J. Wilson Ward, Jr. I heard a very hearty and enthusiastic gentleman speak the name of Mr. Jackson S. Schultz. It was the voice of his friend, Mr. Isaac H. Bailey, who was saying to Mr. D. F. Appleton (the famous maker of the Waltham watch) that Mr. Schultz was out of town, or he would have been at the festival. In our weekly prayer-meetings, during the cholera season, we used to pray for the health of Mr. Schultz, that he might keep the cholera from landing on our shores. To Mr. Appleton I had the happiness to mention that my congregation had presented to me a Waltham watch on the last Thanksgiving Day; whereupon he replied that he sincerely hoped many other congregations would do likewise. Mr. W. J. A. Fuller, the distinguished lawyer, who could not be present, had a dish of strawberries sent to his office, which I was told he accepted as cheerfully as if it had been a counsel-fee. Mr. Augustus Maverick, of *The Evening Post*, entertained me for several minutes with a remarkably agreeable and piquant conversation, in which he was suddenly interrupted by Dr. Wilder, of the same journal, who said they must both immediately retire, in order to get out *The Post's* four o'clock edition. What busy men these editors are! Like a weaver's shuttle, so are they restless and uneasy. Moreover, they speedily wax old, and wear out as doth a garment. But Mr. John Russell Young, of the *Tribune*, as I was glad to see, still keeps his youth. I meant to have exchanged a few words with Admiral Stringham; but he ate quickly and retired, and his place was filled by Mr. Geo. P. Putnam, the well-known publisher.

"Mr. Putnam," said I, "since THE INDEPENDENT is so heartily in favor of Woman's Rights, I wonder why no ladies are present to-day." "Oh," said he, "then you have not been in the next room." I confessed I had not.

Then for the first time I saw that I was not in the room of the Editor-in-Chief; and learned that he had invited all the ladies to his own room, where they were furnished with easy-chairs and lounges, and where they ate their lunches from side-tables and stands. On entering, I found a brilliant company of ladies and gentlemen—all engaged in animated conversation, and in the beautiful pursuit of mutual happiness. Here was Miss Edna Dean Proctor, quoting from the Arabian Nights to Judge Cross. Here were Alice and Phœbe Cary, whose religious poetry, together with that of the Rev. Dr. Watts, is my daily meditation. Here was Miss Susan B. Anthony, a woman who once made a beautiful Sunday-school address in Bytown; and whom I was glad to see again, in order to inform her that that touching occasion had been blessed to all the souls present. Here, too, were Mrs. McFarland and Miss Augusta Larned, authors of some of those charming stories for children which appear, from time to time, in THE INDEPENDENT.

But I cannot remember the names of all the good people, old and young, male and female, whom I met on that flowery, fruity, and cream-y afternoon.

Just as I was going away, I happened to see a pile of letters lying on a table, and, being attracted by a curious handwriting, I asked Mr. Oliver Johnson's permission to examine it. "Certainly," said he, "it is a note from Horace Greeley." Sure enough! It was Mr. Greeley's own chirography. After forty-five minutes of scrutiny, I deciphered it as follows:

NEW YORK TRIBUNE, May 31st, 1868.

Dear Sir:—I am compelled to leave to-morrow (Monday) evening for Washington, to attend a meeting of the National Ex. Committee; and so must be deprived of the pleasure of attending your festival.

Yours, HORACE GREELEY.

HENRY C. BOWEN, ESQ., "INDEPENDENT," No 3 Park Place, City.

The next letter was in a flowing and handsome hand, from a young gentleman with whose father I had often exchanged pulpits. It was as follows:

THE WORLD OFFICE, No. 30 Park Row, New York.

Mr. Marble regrets that illness in his family deprives him of the pleasure of accepting Mr. Tilton's kind invitation to lunch to-morrow noon at the new offices of THE INDEPENDENT.

MONDAY, June 1, 1868.

"Whose is the next?" said I, handing it to Mr. Johnson to read, for I could not master the penmanship. "Why," said he, this is from our famous lawyer, Judge Pierrepont."

JUNE 2, 10 Wall street.

Mr. Pierrepont regrets that an engagement in court prevented him from being at the strawberry lunch, as he had hoped.

THE INDEPENDENT.

The next was from that beloved philanthropist, familiarly known as "Uncle Joseph Hoxie," whom I have been in the habit of seeing during Anniversary Week, presiding over the exercises of "The Little Wanderers."

Mr. Hoxie regrets very much that absence from town will prevent his having the pleasure of lunching with the editor and the publisher of THE INDEPENDENT to-morrow.

27 CARLETON AVE., Brooklyn, June 1st.

Then, too, on a curious sheet—of praiseworthy size for sermon-paper—was the signmanual of the president of the Metropolitan Bank, in whose safe-keeping the trustees of our Bytown Academy have, for years past, deposited their surplus funds:

METROPOLITAN NATIONAL BANK, New York, June 1, 1868.

Messrs. Theodore Tilton and Henry C. Bowen:—*Gentlemen*:—I am sorry I can't eat two breakfasts to-morrow morning—one at the "new office of THE INDEPENDENT," and the other at Altoona, Pa. But I have promised the polite gentlemen of the Chicago & N. W. R. R. Co. that I would be with them without fail at the latter place. Truly and cordially yours,

J. E. WILLIAMS.

There were a good many letters, and among them one from a newspaper publisher, whose sympathies (as will be seen by his note) are with the most radical of Republicans:

OFFICE OF BROOKLYN DAILY EAGLE, BROOKLYN, June 3, 1868.

Gentlemen:—Accept my sincere thanks for your invitation to participate in the inaugurating of your new office.

A prior engagement to assist at the marriage ceremony of the daughter of one of my neighbors will deny me the pleasure of joining you, and wishing you in person a continuance of the success which THE INDEPENDENT has achieved by manly adherence to convictions which neither friend nor opponent ever pretended to misunderstand. Very truly yours,

I. VAN ANDEN.

I continued to turn over the various letters—some of which were from clergymen, others from lawyers, others from editors, and others from politicians—until I was suddenly interrupted by the incoming of the Rev. George Lansing Taylor, (whom I have already mentioned as sitting in a corner writing), and who now, his face suffused with a rosy light, and his whole manner betokening a state of poetic frenzy, rushed forward, thrust into my hands a blue manuscript, written with a lead-pencil, and running as follows:

INDEPENDENT'S DAY.

Strawberries and ice-cream!
Did ever mortal dream
That editors should ever feed so grandly?
And correspondents, too,
And types here I view!
And there the publisher stands smiling blandly

There's Theodore the tall,
Whose form, like that of Saul,
Looms higher than all others of the people!
A young head, brave but wise,
And pointing thrush the skies
Toward heaven, like any other steeple!

Here's Leavitt, growing old,
But his heart is young and bold,
Still warm with the fire in youth that thrilled him;
And his soul still burns with love
From the living heart above,
For even the D.D. has not yet killed him!

And there is Johnson, O!
Not Johnson A., Oh no!
But a very, very, very different fellow!
He's fought the Dragon long,
With valiant blows and strong,
Yet the kindest heart that every years made mellow.

And there's the new man, Ward,
Now Muse, be on your guard!
A Westerner, a parson, and professor!
An editor at last!
May the glory of the past
And the present at his hands grow never lesser!

Contributors! Heighо!
Here's forty in a row!
Men and women, lawyers, doctors, chatting freely,
Here are thinkers, tried and true,
And authors bound in blue,
And (just received) a letter from Friend Greeley.

Here's wisdom, wit, and beauty,
And loyalty to duty;
Love of right and patriotism transcendent,
May Bowen never "bust out,"
And Tilton never rust out;
Long live the glorious INDEPENDENT!

G. L. T.

"Sir," exclaimed I, to the author of these stirring lines (after I had finished my gratified perusal of them)—"sir," exclaimed I, "did you compose this ode after coming here this afternoon?" "Yes," replied he, with a modesty truly becoming to a Methodist, or any other, clergyman. "You possess, then," I remarked, "a very facile muse. Your lines have affected me deeply. I have almost a mind to ask Mr. Johnson for a pen, in order to write something myself. But, if I do, it shall be plain prose."

Just then Mr. Johnson, hearing me call his name, and mistaking my meaning, stepped up and asked me if I would have any more strawberries and cream. "No," I replied; "but I have been so hospitably and agreeably entertained since my coming here to-day that I would like to express my thoughts in a manner suitable for publication. "Well," replied he, "if you wish, you may sit down at this desk—a desk which we are expecting will shortly be occupied by the Rev. Gilbert Haven, one of Mr. Tilton's special friends, whom he has long been trying to allure into the editorial corps of THE INDEPENDENT.

I then took out a sheet of paper, and in a very hurried manner penned the account which the reader has thus far followed (I trust) without weariness; and to which I now add, in closing, the closing words of the sermon which I preached to my flock at Bytown, recommending them to take THE INDEPENDENT as their family religious journal: "THE INDEPENDENT, my beloved friends, is like Calvin's Institutes for doctrinal soundness, like Barnes's Notes for practical usefulness, like the Thirty-nine Articles for religious variety, and like Doddridge's Hymns for edifying spirituality."

What I had thus far written I handed to Mr. Johnson; and he immediately handed it to Mr. Griswold, the printer, asking me to call and read the proof the next day. But, after being shown, the next day, a proof of what I had written, Mr. Johnson, to my great gratification, handed to me a money-draft for a handsome amount, adding, "Your voluntary account, sir, of the strawberry proceedings, with a few additions which I hope you will make, will supersede the necessity for any other reference to that occasion in THE INDEPENDENT's columns." I bowed, and inquired, "What else can be added?" "Well," said he, "I think you ought to mention the names of the gentlemen who have been employed in arranging and furnishing THE INDEPENDENT office. Here is a list." So I hereby insert it as follows:

T. G. SELLEW, 107 and 176 Fulton street, fitting up the Publishing Office, furnishing the new desks, tables, and book-cases.

GEORGE WIGHT, Park Hotel and Restaurant, corner Beekman and Nassau streets, furnishing the table and music, etc.

GEORGE HERSON & SON, No. 1 York street, Brooklyn, Painting, Plumbing, and Gas Fitting.

GEORGE E. L. HYATT, 275 Canal street, the Carpets.

BARLOW BROTHERS, 26 Reade street, the Oil Cloths.

ARCHER, PARCELLS & Co., 11 Mercer street, the Gas Fixtures.

MARVIN & Co., 265 Broadway, Safes and Celebrated Locks.

HERRING & FARREL, 251 Broadway, Editorial Safe.

J. L. HARLEM, M'f'g Co., 74 Maiden Lane, Ice Pitchers.

W. G. WILSON, 9 John street, Flowers.

"Moreover," added Mr. Johnson, "as Mr. Tilton and Mr. Bowen are particularly averse to taking all the credit for the prosperity of THE INDEPENDENT to themselves, they would doubtless be gratified to see that you had not forgotten to mention the names of the clerks, advertising agents, wrapper-writers, and others; all of whom are diligent coworkers in making THE INDEPENDENT a good and great newspaper."

I accordingly append the following list of those faithful men and women:

General Business Manager.
Mr. CHARLES R. BAKER.

Advertising Agents.
Mr. J. O. ALDEN.
Mr. H. T. WILLIAMS.
Brig.-Gen. W. R. BARTON.

Clerks.
Mr. WM. E. MEAD.
Mr. N. S. FISHER.
Mr. T. B. TILTON.
Mr. WALTER THORP.
Mr. A. JENNEY.
Mr. ED. F. CONCKLIN.
Mr. JOHN F. DALTON.

Wrapper Writers.
Miss CARRIE COFFIN.
Miss SUSIE COOK.
Miss EMELINE SCOTT.
Miss DELIA VAN HORSON.
Miss KATE IVES.
Miss JENNIE JOHNSON.
Miss LIZZIE S. BROWN.

Foreman of Composing Room.
Mr. A. C. GRISWOLD.

Stereotyper.
Mr. CHARLES URASER.

Foreman of Press Room.
Mr. SAMUEL S. HART.

Janitor.
MELVIN F. JACKSON.

Having now added all these names to my article, (taking particular pains to write them carefully, so that they will be printed correctly), I have only to add, before I take my green umbrella and depart for Bytown, that I shall ever cherish, in my heart of hearts, a delightful recollection of my visit to the office of THE INDEPENDENT. My closing word is, May that journal flourish forever! Amen.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

BRIG.-GEN. LLEWELLYN F. HASKELL, of New Jersey, was married at Orange, on Thursday, June 4th. This young soldier, who fought in the first and in the last battle of the war, who entered the army as a private and came out as a brigadier-general, who was one of the earliest officers of the colored troops, and whose record of heroism is in the history of twenty-one pitched battles, surrendered at last to Miss Emma A. Gilmore. The marriage ceremony was unique and beautiful. It was performed in Llewellyn Park, under an ancient pine tree, just after sunrise. As both groom and bride hold extremely liberal, as distinguished from orthodox, religious views, they requested the Rev. Henry Ward Beecher, who officiated, so far to respect their conscientious independence of churchly ordinances as to omit from the service any form of words based on these. Accordingly, after the young couple had presented themselves on a moss-carpeted spot, and were circled at a close distance by their friends, the groom clasped the bride's hand, saying, "I take you, Emma, for my wife"; the bride responded, "I take you, Llewellyn, for my husband"; and Mr. Beecher added only these words: "In behalf of the sentiment of the community in which we dwell, and of the laws, I declare, in virtue of what you have now done, that you are husband and wife. May the love which has thus been declared be strong as these evergreens [throwing at their feet some evergreens and flowers] to endure the storms and winter of life, and as fragrant and tender as the flowers of summer. May God bless you!"

The friends, then stepping forward, threw down before the married pair many handfuls of similar dew-besprinkled offerings. And this (together with multitudinous kisses, hand-shakings, and congratulations) concluded a ceremony which, to all who beheld it, appeared unusually simple, graceful, and beautiful. Over the rustic scene, one of the most golden of June mornings seemed to be repeating the old proverb, "Happy the bride the sun shines on." An old poet has sung, "None but the brave deserve the fair." To the brave soldier and his fair bride we wish a thousand benedictions.

—It is with much surprise that we have noticed how *The Revolution*, a journal which at first promised to be more than commonly Radical, has been lately growing Conservative, Democratic, and Johnsonian. For some time past its editorial columns have been persistently advocating the return of the rebel states to the Union on the policy originally announced by Andrew Johnson, and afterward by the Cleveland Convention, and Mr. Beecher's letter to it—the policy of not securing any guarantees, in advance, for negro suffrage—the policy of bringing in the states first, and settling the suffrage question afterward. Its editorial columns have also been inculcating what it calls "educated suffrage"; that is, suffrage based on ability to read and write—in face of the fact that suffrage is itself the educator—and in face of the fact that a nation which for two generations made it a crime for a black man to possess a spelling-book cannot, without mockery and meanness, compel that black man to read before it permits him to vote. If these editorial views, thus put forth by *The Revolution*, had not come from Radical Abolitionists, as Mrs. Stanton and Mr. Pillsbury have heretofore been, we would not now be so surprised. But we had a right to expect of the "Old Guard" never to give up the battle. It is always a pitiable sight when any of the old sentinels on the watch-tower forget that "the price of liberty is eternal vigilance."

—Rev. Mr. Hubbard, of Westerly, R. I., was presented last week for trial for violating the canons and discipline of the Protestant Episcopal Church.

—The Congregational church in Harlem, N. Y., of which Rev. S. Bourne is pastor, has taken a bold and consistent position on the question of female church suffrage. They not only allow the good sisters a vote, but by a vote of four to one have decided that they are eligible to office. The women of that congregation may now be pastor, deacons, or trustees as well as devout members.

—Rev. Dr. Hickok, president of Union College, having offered to the trustees his resignation, hoping that some change in the administration will tend to secure a greater harmony and prosperity, expects to take up his permanent residence in Amherst. He will instruct the senior class of Amherst College in mental philosophy during the absence of Professor Seelye in Europe.

—Rev. Daniel S. Tuttle, D. D., who has just been elected Episcopal bishop of the Diocese of Missouri, is a young man but thirty-one years of age. He was elected missionary bishop of Montana two years ago, but was found to be ineligible on account of his youth. He has been laboring the past year with great boldness and energy in Salt Lake City, notwithstanding the malignity of the Mormons. His election adds one vote to the High Church majority of the House of Bishops.

—The Howard Mission, situated in the Fourth Ward of this city, is not sectarian; never turns a homeless child from its doors; neither asks nor receives aid from the legislature, city, or school fund, but is sustained entirely by voluntary contributions. It has received in six years 7,581 children. The whole number fed at its tables, clothed from its wardrobe, and taught in its schools during the month of April was 518. During the year 1,438 children were brought under its instruction, and 148 were placed in Christian families by adoption. The friends of the Mission have contributed during the year over $33,000 to its mission fund, and $30,000 to its new building. Rev. Mr. Van Meter, the superintendent, is now visiting for a few months the reformatory schools of Europe.

—It is generally known that the Rev. Henry Ward Beecher is engaged in writing a Life of Christ. The book will be published by J. B. Ford & Co. The frontispiece will be an engraving, by W. E. Marshall, of Leonardo da Vinci's head of Christ, from the Last Supper. Among the illustrations will be landsc

The Independent.

WASHINGTON LETTER.

WASHINGTON, June 5th, 1868.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE INDEPENDENT:

CONGRESS is undecided upon the adjournment question; not for lack of advice, for it has it in abundance upon all sides. It is rather difficult, under the circumstances, to know what duty requires—what real wisdom is. It is urged that the Tax Bill should be thoroughly considered in the two houses and passed; but this would prolong the session into September. A large proportion of the members will be renominated, and they believe their presence at home in the congressional and presidential contest is necessary. There is another consideration: to pass an entirely new Tax Bill, and especially the one now before the House, will necessarily shift the burdens of taxation upon new shoulders in hundreds of instances. Is it wise to create new sources of irritation in a presidential campaign? Mr. Schenck replies, with much force, that Congress should remain and do its duty; and that nothing can be worse for the party than for it to shirk its proper work in a selfish and cowardly manner. This is true, and it is also true that this is the best tax bill ever reported to the House; but the real question is, What *is* the duty of Congress under the circumstances? If it *ought* to remain here all Summer, if it is wise to do so, we can safely presume that it will; and if it is better that it should adjourn sometime in July, that will be done.

I have not alluded to a class of members who insist that Congress shall remain in continuous session, to watch the President. Perhaps they are right; but in their views on this question they are in a small minority. After the failure of Impeachment, that idea has little power among the Radicals of the Senate and House. To watch the President *now* is very much as if a mouse were to watch a cat, or a bird the snake which will charm it to destruction. Mr. Ashley, of Ohio, made an admirable speech in the House a few days since, in the course of which he spoke of the doctrine of rotation in office. He utterly condemned it, and insisted that in nominating men to Congress the people should cling to tried and experienced men. Here is one sentence which will bear repetition at this time, when the people are nominating candidates for Congress. He says: "When a state or congressional district accepts for its representative a drunkard, or a man without moral character and destitute of political principles, it treads the path which leads the nation on the highway to ruin." Again: "Far better defeat with men of character than success with men who represent neither moral nor political convictions." Able and experienced members should be renominated. It takes two congresses to give a man any influence in the House; yet in half our districts no man, however able and trustworthy, can hope to be continued in office more than two terms. It is also exceedingly important that able men and morally great men should be selected. Sometimes a great and good man breaks down, under a powerful temptation; but where one good man fails fifty small and weak men desert and betray us. Such a man as Ross should never have been seat to the U. S. Senate, for he is intellectually and morally a pigmy. It will not be long before Arkansas, North and South Carolina, Georgia, Florida, and Louisiana are admitted to representation in Congress. All that Congress demands is security for the future, so far as it is in the power of the newly-elected legislatures to give it. Some of the ablest lawyers of the Senate—Trumbull, Conkling, Ferry, Frelinghuysen, and others—insist that any agreement of an existing legislature not to pass certain laws hereafter will have no binding force. This may be true; but, if it is, the compact cannot do any harm. Let us try it, and push on to something better. Before this great question of equal rights is finally settled the National Constitution will guarantee the political rights of all men.

We have just had a municipal election here, and have elected a Republican mayor by a small majority. The councils are Democratic on joint ballot, but no political power is exercised by either mayor or the councils. It was a test of the strength of parties in Washington, and the Conservatives were beaten by the Radicals. The intense interest of the colored people in the election disproves many of the arguments of their enemies. It is argued that the colored people are so ignorant that they do not understand the issues of the day, and that their votes will be bought by the side which has most money. Look at the facts of this municipal election, where not a single right of a solitary black man was at stake. All there was of politics in the issue was the simple fact that on one side were Republican candidates, on the other Democratic candidates. Yet at midnight preceding the day of election tin horns sounded all over the city, and long before daybreak thousands of colored voters were in position at the different voting precincts, so as not to lose a vote. Such party discipline never was seen elsewhere. So intense was the feeling against a few colored voters who voted the wrong ticket that their lives were in danger. This does not look as if colored voters were ignorant of the issues of the time. *They know their friends!*

We have had a narrow escape from a cruel anti-negro riot. White men insulted the blacks the night after the election, at every corner, when it was supposed that a Democratic mayor had been elected. The succeeding night there was a few instances where colored men committed indefensible acts; when even our Democratic journals and leading Democrats attempted a riot. Violent appeals to the brutal passions of the multitude were made; but, fortunately, we have a well-disposed police force, and an actual outbreak was prevented. D. W. B.

Publisher's Notices.

THE VERMONT SPRING.—This new spring, in Sheldon, Vermont, is rapidly becoming famous for its healing and medicinal qualities. It was discovered only about a year ago, and yet it is already known in all parts of the country as a wonderful specific for diseases which have long been held to be almost incurable. We invite the special attention of our readers to the lengthy advertisement of Saxe & Co., in another column, giving further particulars in regard to the curative properties of this remarkable spring.

PATENT TRUNKS.—One of the best and most convenient trunks we have ever seen for traveling purposes is that lately patented and made by the "Upright Patent Trunk Co." No. 6 Barclay street, New York. It is a curiosity and a marvel in the way of convenience and durability. The price is also quite reasonable. Those who contemplate a journey, and desire quiet nerves, daily comfort, and a complete traveling-trunk companion, should be furnished and equipped with the article specially mentioned above.

1868.

GREAT PREMIUM.

HOWE SEWING MACHINE.

WE have made a special contract with the Howe Sewing Machine Company to furnish their world-renowned machine as a

Premium for New Subscribers

TO

The Independent

during the present year. Any person who will send us the names of twenty-four new subscribers, at our regular subscription price (see terms on *first* page) will be presented with one of these celebrated machines, the lowest price of which is $60. It will be packed and shipped by express, or otherwise, as directed.

We simply want the names (with the money) of *twenty-four persons* who do not take our paper, and who really subscribe for it; they may be sent one at a time, or all together; they may be at one post-office, or more than one—we are only particular that they shall be *bona-fide new subscribers.*

We will also give the Sewing Machine on payment of one subscription 24 years in advance, or two subscriptions 12 years in advance, or three subscriptions 8 years in advance.

Old subscribers, not in arrears, can in this way secure a Sewing Machine simply for the use of the money during the time specified.

Persons intending to take advantage of this offer, and sending the subscribers' names as they obtain them, will please state in each instance that they are sent on this account.

All subscriptions sent under this offer must begin with the number of our paper NEXT AFTER THE RECEIPT OF THE MONEY.

Remittances must be made by post-office money-order, bank-check, or express (paid).

The Howe machine embraces all the principles of Sewing by Machinery embodied in all the Sewing Machines now in use, and makes perfect work at the rate of 1,000 stitches a minute.

The Stitch invented by Mr. Howe, and made on this Machine, is the most popular and durable, *and all Sewing Machines are subject to the principle invented by him.*

Mr. Howe finally fixed upon what is now known as the "lock-stitch," as best for forming seams by machinery, and devised the mechanism for it. It is formed with two threads, one upon each side of the fabric sewed, and interlocked in the center of it, and presents the same appearance upon each surface—a single line of thread extending from stitch to stitch. It requires about two and a half yards of thread for each yard of seam; cannot be raveled, and when properly made is as firm and elastic as the fabric sewed. Twenty years' use has demonstrated its excellence and adaptability to all kinds of sewing, from the lightest gossamer to the heaviest harness and upholstery.

Mr. Howe's patent covers broadly mechanism for sewing by machinery. His invention combines a grooved and curved eye-pointed needle, a peculiar shuttle, holding and feeding devices, thread-carrier, guide, etc. A loop of thread being thrust through the fabric by the needle, the shuttle carrying the lower thread passes through the loop, leaving a line of thread in it, which, being thus interlocked, is drawn into the fabric. A succession of these stitches form a seam. Many attempts have been made to evade this patent; but no devices have yet been found sufficiently novel and ingenious.

To give to the public the ripeness of this great invention, the Company have established a large manufactory at Bridgeport, Conn., and furnished it with the most improved machinery and the best talent the country affords. In this factory is made every part of the Howe Machine and the needles used in them.

Reader, if your clergyman has no sewing machine, it is time for you to move. In one day's time, acting either alone or in concert with your neighbors, you cannot fail of success.

We have already given away nearly two thousand sewing machines; and have never heard the first complaint from any quarter. We are now ready to give away ten thousand more upon the terms proposed. Act promptly.

Address

HENRY C. BOWEN, PUBLISHER,
No. 3 Park Place, New York.

"Our Young Folks," AND "The Independent."

We will cause a copy of "OUR YOUNG FOLKS" for twelve months to be sent to every one of our subscribers who shall renew his or her subscription for ONE YEAR *in advance*, and send FIFTY CENTS more than the regular price of the paper; or, to any person who shall send us one *new* subscriber for one year. The cash, either by money-order or bank-checks, according to *terms* on the first page, always to accompany the order.

"*Our Young Folks*," as nearly every one knows, has been since its establishment the best Young Folks' Magazine published in this country, and has exerted a most powerful influence, not only upon its own enormous circle of readers, but also upon the characteristics and management of all other American juvenile magazines or newspapers—its style and success having been aspired to by many imitators. It now bids fair to be *the best juvenile magazine in the world*, embracing the widest range of subjects, the highest class of illustrations, and the most distinguished contributors that any one periodical could possibly sustain. The volume for 1868 will contain articles from the best and greatest writers of America and England, chief among whom stands CHARLES DICKENS, who has *never* before been enlisted in such a cause. Among the list of supporters will be found LONGFELLOW, WHITTIER, LOWELL, Mrs. STOWE, Miss MULOCK, BAYARD TAYLOR, Miss CRAIK, Dr. PALMER, Mrs. DIAZ, "AUNT FANNY," and many others of the most eminent writers, whose articles will be illustrated by the best artists on both sides of the Atlantic. Music, full-page engravings, steel plates, and colored pictures will diversify the volume; and each number will contain the favorite elements of "*Round the Evening Lamp*," "*Our Letter Box*," and a *Shakesperian Picture*; thus more than retaining the high place which "OUR YOUNG FOLKS" holds in the affections of the boys and girls of America.

Address all remittances to

HENRY C. BOWEN, PUBLISHER,
No. 3 Park Place, New York.

NEW SUBSCRIBERS.

100,000 PREMIUMS.

NOTICE TO FRIENDS.

We will send by mail (postage paid) a copy of Carpenter's new book, entitled

SIX MONTHS AT THE WHITE HOUSE,

(550 PAGES,)

to every one of our subscribers who shall renew his or her subscription for ONE YEAR *in advance*, and send FIFTY CENTS more than the regular price of the paper; or, to ANY PERSON who will send us one *new* subscriber for one year. The cash, either by money-order or bank-checks, according to terms on the first page, always to accompany the order.

The invaluable book we now offer as a premium for new subscribers will give a better insight into the almost perfect character of President Lincoln than any other which ever has been or ever will be published. While its author, Mr. Carpenter, was in Washington, painting that masterpiece of art, "The Signing of the Emancipation Proclamation"—a picture which will live in the history of this country as one of the most valuable ever put on canvas—he was in daily intercourse with the President, and took notes of everything which transpired. He was a great admirer of the man and of his rare, peculiar gifts. Possessing a remarkable tact for reproducing everything of interest which he saw and heard, Mr. Carpenter, at our solicitation, after the terrible murder of the great and good man, determined to present a portion of his rich treasures, thus most providentially obtained, to the public through the columns of THE INDEPENDENT. All those contributions are embraced, with much other new matter, in this volume. Tens of thousands of our readers can testify as to the great value of those remarkable contributions. They were read with the deepest interest by all, and are now a most important part of the history of the Great Rebellion. No person can properly appreciate Abraham Lincoln until he has carefully read every line of this intensely interesting volume. The book should be in every library and on every center-table in the nation.

All remittances to be made to

HENRY C. BOWEN, Publisher,
No. 3 Park Place, N. Y.

NOTICES.

THE AMERICAN TRACT SOCIETY, at Boston, has withdrawn its collecting agents from the field. Its benevolent work, however, is to go on the same, and will depend upon the spontaneous liberality of its patrons. All the money given it will be expended in charity. Its work will be large or small according to the amount furnished. It wants its friends and the churches that have contributed to it to continue their co-operation. Its position is unchanged except as to the method of raising funds. Calls for grants are large, and its means now small. Friends of the Society, help it to supply the needy asking for the Gospel.

MARRIED.

SMART—MCKINNEY.—In Augusta, Me., on the 2d inst., by Rev. Mr. Bingham, Mr. Gustavus A. Smart, of Cambridgeport, Mass., and Lucy A., only daughter of Mr. Reuben McKinney, of Augusta.

CADWELL—GLASGOW.—At Brooklyn, June 4th, by the Rev. Charles H. Everest, Mr. Richard J. Cadwell, of Saybrook, Conn., to Miss Margaret M. Glasgow, of New York City.

BUSINESS NOTICES.

WILLIMANTIC LINEN COMPANY,

MANUFACTURERS OF

Three Cord Silk Finish AND Six Cord Soft Finish

Spool Cotton.

The latter particularly adapted for Sewing Machines, as will be seen by the following certificate from the Wheeler & Wilson Sewing Machine Co.:

WHEELER & WILSON SEWING MACHINE CO.,
No. 625 BROADWAY,
NEW YORK, March 24, 1868.

We beg to call the attention of the public and our Agents to the fact that the WILLIMANTIC LINEN CO. has, with the most improved machinery, and the best skill and *further reduction* to those using the homeopathic materials, and at popular prices.

Particular attention is called to our "ELECTROTYPES," a new article, suitable for summer houses.

GENTS' FASHIONABLE CLOTHING.

Largest stock in the City.

BROKAW BROTHERS,
Opposite Cooper Institute.

BOYS' CLOTHING.

Largest stock in the City.

BROKAW BROTHERS,
Opposite Cooper Institute.

FOR MEN'S, BOYS', AND CHILDREN'S

CLOTHING

GO TO

Traphagen, Hunter & Co.,

288, 400, AND 402 BOWERY, N. Y.

Prices 20 per cent. below Broadway rates.

FISK & HATCH,

BANKERS AND DEALERS IN GOVERNMENT SECURITIES,

No. 5 Nassau street, N. Y.

N. B.—All kinds of Government Securities received at the full market price in exchange for the above Bonds. Also,

☞ *All descriptions of Government Securities kept constantly on hand, and Bought, Sold, or Exchanged.*

☞ Gold Coin or U. S. Coupons bought and sold, and collected.

☞ *Deposits received on liberal terms, subject to check at sight.*

☞ Collections made throughout the country.

☞ Miscellaneous Stocks and Bonds bought and sold at the Stock Exchange, on commission, for cash.

☞ *Special attention given to the exchange of SEVEN-THIRTY NOTES of all the Series for the new FIVE-TWENTY BONDS of 1865, on the most favorable terms.*

BANKING AND FINANCIAL.

NEW YORK, June 4, 1868.

CENTRAL PACIFIC RAILROAD FIRST MORTGAGE BONDS—SPECIAL NOTICE.—The receipts from sales of these securities for some time past having largely exceeded the current requirements of the Company, they have this day advanced the price to 102 and accrued interest, in currency.

FISK & HATCH,
Bankers and Dealers in Government Securities and Financial Agents of the C. P. R. R. Co.,
No. 5 Nassau street.

HOMŒOPATHIC MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY, OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK,

No. 231 Broadway.

NEW PLANS AND LOWER RATES.

This Company offers to insurers all the advantages hitherto afforded by any responsible company in respect to terms and plans of insurance; and, in addition to *lower rates* it offers *entire exemption from liability and further reduction* to those using the homeopathic practice. It solicits the patronage of all Homeopathists, and especially of Physicians.

DIRECTORS.

D. D. T. MARSHALL, 157 East 34th street.
HON. STEPHEN L. WOODFORD, Lieut.-Gov., State N. Y.
JAS. CUSHING, Jr., of late W. Fairchild & Co.
EDWARD E. KENDALL, of H. B. Claflin & Co.
HON. A. BRONSON, of Brooks Bros., 398 Broadway.
HON. RICHD. CONNOLLY, Comptroller of N. Y. City.
HON. F. SEWALL, of Sewall & Payson, 27 Cedar st.
GEORGE G. LANE, of Lane & McCreery, 471 Broadway.
HON. RICHARD ROBERTS, Dock Com'r, 6th Judicial Distr.
JOHN STERLING, 29 Wall st.
WM. C. DUNCAN, of Dunlap, Dunton & Co., 4 John st.
PETER LANE, of Lane & Clarke, 4 Front st.
WM. B. KENDALL, of Bigelow Carpet Co., 61 Duane st.
HIRAM WARNER, late Warner & Loomis, 222 4th Av.
CHARLES L. SUCKLEY, 200 Bowery.
WM. HAHN, Publisher, 850 Broadway.
THOMAS R. AUSTEN, 124 East 29th st.
G. P. HAMMOND, Tarrytown, N. Y.
P. T. BARNUM, Pres't.
JAMES CUSHING, Jr., Vice-Pres't.
RUFUS WARDWELL, Actuary.
E. A. STANSBURY, Sec'y.
A. HALLOCK, Jr., Asst. Sec'y.
STEWART L. WOODFORD, Counsel.
EDWARD M. KELLOGG, M.D., } Med. Examiners.
JOHN W. MITCHELL, M.D., }
A. COOKE HULL, M.D., Medical Director.

Agents and Solicitors wanted. Send for Circulars.

WALTER T. HATCH. NATHL. W. T. HATCH.

W. T. Hatch & Son,

Bankers and Dealers

IN

GOVERNMENT SECURITIES,

No. 34 Wall Street, N. Y.,

BUY AND SELL AT MARKET RATES

U. S. 6 per cent. Bonds of 1881. Coupon and Registered.
U. S. Five-twenty 6 per cent. Bonds.
U. S. Ten-forty 5 per cent. Bonds.
U. S. Seven-thirty Treasury Notes.
U. S. One-year Certificates.
U. S. Compound Interest Notes.
And all classes of Government Issues.

ACCOUNTS OF BANKS, BANKERS, AND OTHERS RECEIVED ON FAVORABLE TERMS.

Interest Allowed on Deposits subject to Check.

ORDERS IN

GOLD, RAILWAY STOCKS, AND BONDS

Promptly Executed at the Stock and Gold Exchange.

Vermilye & Co.,

Bankers,

No. 44 Wall st., New York,

KEEP CONSTANTLY ON HAND FOR IMMEDIATE DELIVERY ALL ISSUES OF

UNITED STATES STOCKS.

WE GIVE SPECIAL ATTENTION TO

FUNDING

7-30 TREASURY LOANS.

ALL SERIES TAKEN IN EXCHANGE FOR 5-20 BONDS.

Returns made to Correspondents without Delay, and on Favorable Terms.

John J. Cisco & Son,

BANKERS,

No. 59 Wall st., New York,

(Brown Brothers & Co.'s Building.)

RECEIVE MONEY ON DEPOSIT, IN GOLD, COIN, OR CURRENCY, and allow interest at the rate of four per cent. per annum on daily balances, subject to check at sight.

Issue Certificates of Deposit, bearing *four per cent.* interest, payable on demand.

Negotiate Loans,

Execute promptly orders for the purchase and sale of Gold,

Buy and Sell Government and other Securities on commission.

Make collections on all parts of the United States and Canada.

DUNCAN, SHERMAN & CO.,

BANKERS,

Corner Pine & Nassau St., N. Y.,

ISSUE

CIRCULAR NOTES

AND

TRAVELING CREDITS,

Available in all the principal cities of the world.

TRANSFERS OF MONEY BY TELEGRAPH TO EUROPE AND THE PACIFIC COAST.

INTEREST allowed on DEPOSIT Accounts.

WE ARE NOW DELIVERING

from our wharf, foot of 30th street, East River, the cleanest, brightest, Cheapest, and best

COAL

in New York. More Coal, Comfort, and Satisfaction can be obtained from us for the same money than anywhere else.

TRY IT AND CONVINCE YOURSELVES.

All the very best varieties of WHITE ASH at $6 per ton, delivered.

All the very best varieties of RED ASH at $6 50 per ton, delivered.

Orders received at WHARF, foot 20th street, East River, or at

Offices: (111 BROADWAY, Room 79 (Trinity Building);
16 JEWELL HOUSE, cor. 3d Ave. and Astor Place;
401 FOURTH AVENUE.

HECKSCHER & CO.

ARCHER, PANCOAST & CO.,

MANUFACTURERS OF

GAS FIXTURES,

Coal Oil Lamps, Chandeliers, etc.,

OF EVERY DESCRIPTION,

would respectfully call the attention of buyers to their very extensive assortment, comprising a great variety of

PATTERNS OF NEW AND BEAUTIFUL DESIGNS,

finished in the most artistic manner, which are offered as REDUCED PRICES.

MANUFACTORY AND WAREROOMS,

Nos. 9, 11, 13 Mercer st., N. Y.

600 MILES

OF THE

UNION PACIFIC

Railroad

are now finished and in operation. Sixty miles of track have been laid this spring, and the work along the whole line between the Atlantic and Pacific States is being pushed forward more rapidly than ever before. More than twenty thousand men are employed, and it is not impossible that the entire track, from Omaha to Sacramento, will be finished in 1868, instead of 1870. The means provided are ample, and all that energy, men, and money can do to secure the completion of this

GREAT NATIONAL WORK,

at the earliest possible day, will be done.

The UNION PACIFIC RAILROAD COMPANY receive:

I.—**A Government Grant** of the right of way, and all necessary timber and other materials found along the line of its operations.

II.—**A Government Grant** of 12,800 acres of land to the mile, taken in alternate sections on each side of its road. This is an absolute donation, and will be a source of large revenue in the future.

III.—**A Government Grant** of United States Thirty-year Bonds, amounting to from $16,000 to $48,000 per mile, according the difficulties to be surmounted on the various sections to be built. The Government takes a second mortgage as security, and it is respected that not only the interest, but the principal amount, may be paid in services rendered by the Company in transporting troops, mails, etc. The interest is now much more than paid in this way, besides securing a great saving in time and money to the Government.

IV.—**A Government Grant** of the right to issue its own FIRST MORTGAGE BONDS, to aid in building the road, to the same amount as the U. S. Bonds, issued for the same purpose, and no *more*. THE GOVERNMENT PRIMUS the Trustees for the First Mortgage Bondholders to deliver the Bonds to the Company only as the road is completed, and after it has been examined by United States Commissioners and pronounced to be in all respects a first-class Railroad, laid with a heavy Trail, and completely supplied with depots, stations, turnouts, carshops, locomotives, cars, etc.

V.—**A Capital Stock Subscription** from the stockholders, of which over EIGHT MILLION DOLLARS have been paid in upon the work already done, and which will be increased as the wants of the Company require.

VI.—**Net Cash Earnings on its Way Business** that already amount to MORE THAN THE INTEREST ON THE First Mortgage Bonds. These earnings are no indication of the vast through business that must follow the opening of the line to the Pacific; but they certainly prove that

First Mortgage Bonds

upon such a property, costing nearly three times their amount,

ARE SECURE BEYOND ANY CONTINGENCY.

The Company have abundant means in their treasury, and make no appeal to the public to purchase their Bonds, as the daily subscriptions are entirely satisfactory; but they submit that, for entire security and liberal returns, there is certainly no better investment in the market.

The Union Pacific Bonds are for $1,000 each, and have coupons attached. They have thirty years to run, and bear annual interest, payable on the first days of January and July, at the Company's Office in the City of New York, at the rate of six per cent. in gold. The Principal is payable in gold at maturity.

At the present rate of gold, these bonds pay an annual income on their cost of

NEARLY NINE PER CENT.,

AND IT IS BELIEVED THAT THEY MAY SOON BE AT A PREMIUM.

The Company reserve the right to advance the price of their bonds to a rate above par at any time, and will not fill any orders or receive any subscriptions on which the money has not been actually paid at the Company's office before the time of such advance.

Subscriptions will be received in New York,

AT THE

COMPANY'S OFFICE, 20 Nassau street,

AND BY

JOHN J. CISCO & SON, Bankers, No. 59 Wall street, and by the Company's advertised Agents throughout the United States.

Remittances should be made in drafts or other funds par in New York, and the bonds will be sent free of charge by return express. Parties subscribing through local agents will look to them for their safe delivery.

A PAMPHLET AND MAP FOR 1868 has just been published by the Company, giving fuller information than is possible in an advertisement respecting the Progress of the Work, the Resources of the Country traversed by the Road, the Means for Construction, and the Value of the Bonds, which will be sent free on application at the Company's office, or to any of the advertised Agents.

JOHN J. CISCO, Treasurer, N. Y.

MAY 25th, 1868.

D. B. HATCH, Late with Flak & Hatch. C. B. FOOTE, Late with Flak & Hatch. F. A. JOHNSON, Jr., Formerly Cash. 1st Nat'l Bank, Glens Falls, N. Y.

HATCH, FOOTE & CO.

BANKERS

NO. 12 WALL STREET,
NEW YORK.

We Buy and Sell, at MARKET RATES and on COMMISSION, U. S. SECURITIES, GOLD, SILVER, STOCKS, BONDS, Etc.

ACCOUNTS received and INTEREST allowed on BALANCES subject to CHECK at SIGHT.

COLLECTIONS made with Prompt Returns.

REGISTERED INTEREST collected and COUPONS cashed.

All business entrusted to us will receive our personal attention.

We refer by permission to FISK & HATCH, Bankers, New York; JAY COOKE & Co., Bankers, New York; PHŒNIX NATIONAL BANK.

THE

National Trust Co.

OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK,

No. 336 BROADWAY.

CAPITAL,

ONE MILLION DOLLARS.

CHARTERED BY THE STATE.

DARIUS R. MANGAM, President.
JAMES MERRELL, Secretary.

RECEIVES DEPOSITS AND ALLOWS

FOUR PER CENT. INTEREST

ON DAILY BALANCES,

SUBJECT TO CHECK AT SIGHT.

SPECIAL DEPOSITS for Six Months, or more, may be made at five per cent.

The Capital of ONE MILLION DOLLARS is divided among over 500 Shareholders, comprising many gentlemen of large wealth and financial experience, who are also personally liable to depositors for all obligations of the Company to double the amount of their capital stock. As THE NATIONAL TRUST COMPANY receives deposits in large or small amounts, and permits them to be drawn as a whole, or in part, by CHECK AT SIGHT and WITHOUT NOTICE, allowing interest on all DAILY BALANCES, parties can keep accounts in this Institution with special advantages of security, convenience, and profit.

IRVING SAVINGS INSTITUTION,

No. 96 WARREN ST.

Interest allowed at the rate of six per cent. on all sums entitled thereto. Open daily from 10 to 3 P. M.

WALTER W. CONCKLIN, President.
VANDERBILT L. BUNTON Secretary.

BRANDRETH'S PILLS

remove all obstructions from the stomach, bowels, and circulation. We are out of sorts, have low spirits, do not sleep as usual, feel fatigued, perhaps fullness about the heart. These feelings are immediately relieved and cured by from one to three doses, of four to five each, of Brandreth's Pills. Principal office, Brandreth House, New York. Sold by all druggists.

STARR & MARCUS,

NO. 22 JOHN ST., UP STAIRS,

CONTINUE TO MAKE A SPECIALTY OF THE

GORHAM MANUFACTURING CO.'S

Solid Silverware,

embracing all the NEWEST and CHOICEST PRODUCTIONS in DINNER, TEA, and DESSERT SERVICES, with a varied selection of ornamental and useful pieces; also, a very extensive stock of Forks, Spoons, and Knives, of NOVEL DESIGN and UNSURPASSED FINISH, which to purchasers present the following inducements:

1. The quality guaranteed by (U. S. MINT ASSAY) every piece bearing their trade-mark, thus:

2. Embracing the most decided talent in all their various departments for DESIGNING, MODELING, DIE-SINKING, CHASING, ENGRAVING, and FINISHING, they produce wares which at once appeal to the most cultivated TASTE for UTILITY, BEAUTY, and FINISH.

3. Facilities for manufacturing in LARGE QUANTITIES ONLY THE FINEST GOODS, enabling them to reduce the labor prices to the LOWEST MINIMUM STANDARD.

DIAMONDS.

TIFFANY & CO.,

Nos. 550 and 552 Broadway,

through the facilities afforded by their House and resident partner in Paris, offer a stock of

DIAMONDS, EMERALDS, SAPPHIRES, PEARLS, and other Precious Stones, unrivaled in this country.

TIFFANY & CO. also present a select assortment of Diamond and Gem Jewelry, of the newest London and Paris styles of setting, worthy of the special notice of purchasers, and of parties wishing to have gems reset.

HOUSE IN PARIS,

TIFFANNY, REED & CO.

U. S. Trust Company

OF NEW YORK.

48 Wall Street, cor. William.

CAPITAL - - - - - - $1,500,000.

This Company is a legal depository for moneys paid into Court, and is authorized to act as guardian or receiver of estates.

INTEREST ALLOWED ON DEPOSITS,

which may be made and withdrawn at any time, and will be entitled to interest for the whole time they may remain with the Company.

Executors, Administrators, or Trustees of Estates, and Females unaccustomed to the transaction of business, as well as Religious and Benevolent Institutions, will find this Company a convenient depository for money.

TRUSTEES.

JOHN A. STEWART, President.
WILLIAM H. MACY, } Vice-Presidents.
JOHN J. CISCO, }

PETER COOPER,	JOHN JACOB ASTOR Jr.,
D. H. ARNOLD,	DANIEL LORD,
ROYAL PHELPS,	EDWARD JONES,
DANIEL S. MILLER,	GEORGE T. ANDEE,
JAMES SUYDAM,	SAMUEL SLOAN,
THOMAS SLOCOMB,	JAMES LOW,
SHEPHARD KNAPP,	CYRUS CURTISS,
JOHN J. CISCO,	WM. S. HERRIMAN,
B. F. WEBSTER WRIGHT, Brooklyn,	
CHARLES E. BILL,	S. NELSON, Cooperstown,
WILLIAM TUCKER,	T. CORNING, Albany,
WILSON G. HUNT,	J. S. SEYMOUR, Auburn,
WILLIAM C. DODGE,	REUBEN H. WALWORTH, Saratoga.
EDWIN D. MORGAN,	
CLINTON GILBERT,	

WILLIAM DARROW, Secretary.

UNITED STATES EXPRESS CO.

CAPITAL . . . $6,000,000

The extension of the routes of this Company to DENVER CITY and VIRGINIA CITY, COLORADO, and the establishment of agencies at all points of importance in all the WESTERN STATES and TERRITORIES completes a continuous chain of offices from NEW YORK CITY TO THE FAR WEST, embracing all the principal cities and towns in

OHIO, INDIANA, ILLINOIS, MICHIGAN, IOWA, WISCONSIN, MISSOURI MINNESOTA, KANSAS, NEBRASKA, etc.,

also to all points on the line of the New York and Erie Railway and its branches, and Canada West, enabling them to transmit

GOODS, COIN, BANK-NOTES, JEWELRY, and VALUABLES

with Speed and Safety, and without Transfer.

Their favor-ble connections with other RELIABLE Express Companies enable them to guarantee the prompt and faithful execution of all Express business in every part of the WESTERN, NORTH-WESTERN, and SOUTH-WESTERN STATES and TERRITORIES.

Notes, Drafts, Bills, and Accounts collected and proceeds returned with the greatest dispatch. Our rates will be as low as charged by any other responsible Company.

This Company are also the Proprietors of the PAST EXPRESS line, SEMI-WEEKLY WESTERN DESPATCH, carrying freight at RAILROAD RATES from BOSTON and NEW YORK in very QUICK TIME to all parts of the GREAT WEST, through to DENVER CITY.

All lost claims promptly settled at sight.

Merchants in ordering goods should be particular to order freight marked in words, by UNITED STATES EXPRESS Co., if by Express, or by FAST FREIGHT, GREAT WESTERN DESPATCH.

C. P. THAYER, General Agent,

No. 82 Broadway, N. Y.

BRANCH OFFICES:—280 CANAL STREET,
1291 BROADWAY.

AMERICAN EXPRESS COMPANY.

PRINCIPAL OFFICES

Nos. 122 and 124 Broadway, New York.

CAPITAL . . . . . $9,000,000.

Forward with the greatest Speed and Safety

COIN, BANK-NOTES, JEWELRY,

and other valuable Merchandise and Packages,

and collect NOTES, DRAFTS, and ACCOUNTS, Bills sent with goods, and execute all other commissions connected with the Express business, to and from all the principal places between NEW YORK and BOSTON, and the WESTERN, NORTH, and SOUTH-WESTERN STATES and CANADAS, connecting with other RESPONSIBLE EXPRESS COMPANIES

TO ALL PARTS OF THE UNITED STATES,

CALIFORNIA, and EUROPE.

In connection with their regular Express business, the Company also run and control the "Merchants' Dispatch," a **Fast Freight Line**, running from New York and Boston to all points in the West, North, and Southwest, transporting freight on through freight and emigrant trains, without transfer, and next in speed to the regular Express freights by Pa ssenger trains.

RATES BY EXPRESS OR DESPATCH ALWAYS AS LOW AS BY ANY OTHER RESPONSIBLE COMPANY.

CHAS. H. WELLS, General Agent.

THE VERY HIGHEST PRIZE.

THE IMPERIAL CROSS OF THE LEGION OF HONOR

WAS CONFERRED ON THE REPRESENTATIVE OF THE

Grover & Baker SEWING MACHINES,

AT THE

Exposition Universelle,

PARIS, 1867.

Salesrooms at 495 Broadway, New York, and in all the principal cities of the world.

The Great Family Ointment.

Kennedy's Salt Rheum Ointment

should be in every household. No other ointment can compete with it as a ready and speedy means of relief. For BURNS and SCALDS it is the most perfect cure ever known.

Price 50 cts. per bottle. Sold by all Druggists.

TRY GARDNER'S RHEUMATIC ANTI-NEURALGIA COMPOUND. For sale by P. C. WELLS & CO., 196 Fulton street, and DEMAS BARNES & CO., 21 Park Row, New York.

LADIES, MILLER & CO., 3 UNION SQUARE, is the best place in the city to obtain Boots and Shoes for yourselves and families.

WHY NOT USE WHITE PINE COMPOUND, when it is such a sure remedy for Coughs, Lung Complaints, and Kidney troubles.

DR. WM. HALL'S BALSAM.

This popular and truly valuable medicine, continues to effect the most astonishing cures; and, if the statements of most citizens are entitled to credit, it is worthy the attention of every CONSUMPTIVE, and a fair trial by all who are troubled with any disease of the *Throat or Lungs.*

WHEATON'S OINTMENT will cure the Itch.
WHEATON'S OINTMENT will cure Salt Rheum.
WHEATON'S OINTMENT cures Old Sores.
WHEATON'S OINTMENT cures all Diseases of the Skin.
Price 50 cents: by mail 60 cents. All druggists sell it.
WEEKS & POTTER, Boston, Proprietors.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

THE TREVELYAN HOTEL,

MANCHESTER,

is "The Largest and Most Magnificent Temperance Hotel in Great Britain."

For comfort, accommodation, or position, this Hotel is not surpassed in Manchester.

Reference to General Neal Dow, Portland; W. Lloyd Garrison, Esq., Boston; J. B. Elder, Esq., Philadelphia; and others.

The Complimentary Banquet to W. L. Garrison, Esq., on the 6th July, 1867, was given at this Hotel.

JAMES COWIN, Proprietor.

STARR & MARCUS,

NO. 22 JOHN ST., UP STAIRS,

CONTINUE TO MAKE A SPECIALTY OF THE

GORHAM MANUFACTURING CO.'S

Solid Silverware,

embracing all the NEWEST and CHOICEST PRODUCTIONS IN DINNER, TEA, and DESSERT SERVICES, with a varied selection of ornamental and useful pieces; also, a very extensive stock of Forks, Spoons, and Knives, of NOVEL DESIGN and UNSURPASSED FINISH, which to purchasers present the following inducements:

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2. Embracing the most decided talent in all their various departments for DESIGNING, MODELING, DIE-SINKING, CHASING, ENGRAVING, and FINISHING, they produce wares which at once appeal to the most cultivated TASTE for UTILITY, BEAUTY, and FINISH.

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JOHN J. CISCO, }

PETER COOPER,	JOHN JACOB ASTOR Jr.,
D. H. ARNOLD,	DANIEL LORD,
ROYAL PHELPS

The Independent.

THE BAPTISTS, NORTH AND SOUTH.

BY REV. CRAMMOND KENNEDY.

THE recent anniversary of the American Baptist Home Mission Society was made memorable by the reception and addresses of the Southern Baptist Convention. The large audience was evidently surprised and delighted with the speeches of the distinguished clergymen, who declared that they would not revive slavery if they could; that not Virginia, nor Carolina, but the Union, now and forever, was their country; that the freedmen should be educated, and that in educating them Northern and Southern Baptists should be one in spirit if not in organization. Dr. Fuller, in a flood of that classic and impassioned eloquence for which he is famous, avowed that he would wish to die if he could not hope for the day when North and South would love each other, and work for Christ and man in harmony; that he would despair of his country and his race, and renounce his God to take him to that heaven from which no friend departs and into which no enemy comes. His address, and Dr. Peter's also, was full of Christian love and fraternity, to which a rapt and tearful response was given by the listening multitude. It seemed as if the wounds of our awful strife were healing; nay, that they were healed already, and that such a union of the heart as was never felt before had reached its blessed consummation. Now, believing that all Christian patriotism, in feeling, thought, and act, is but a prayer for that happy time; and that not reticence, but speaking the truth in love, will hasten its advent; I venture to take some exceptions to the positions assumed or indicated by the delegation, and to offer a few practical suggestions to our Southern brethren.

They claim that the work of evangelizing and teaching the freedman should be committed to them, because they are his oldest friends and understand him best. But is this correct? Granting that they meant well in trying to adapt him to all the conditions of the servitude from which, as they say, God has delivered him; does their treatment or their estimate of him as a slave, and de the ideas, convictions, and habits which slavery fostered, fit them, the slaveholders of yesterday, to educate him, the freedman of to-day? Did they understand him when they believed that he was satisfied with slavery, and that it was best for him? Is he or was he ever such a creature, neither man nor brute, as their government of him seemed to indicate? Did they ever dream of his capacity to receive instruction and take care of himself, as it is shown in the schools and savings-banks of all the Southern cities? Nearly two hundred thousand of the freed-people are studying hard, and there is a balance in their favor of about six hundred thousand dollars in the various branches of the National Freedman's Saving and Trust Company to-day. It seems to me that we who have believed in his manhood and labored for his liberation, who have faith in free labor and are accustomed to direct it, who regard popular education as necessary for the maintenance of the Republic and know how to educate the masses, would be without excuse if we deserted him in the stormy dawn of this new dispensation. He has had enough of the past. It is dead, and its mourners should bury it. Humbly and earnestly we say that the South needs us—our money, our ideas, our system, and our experience; and not because we are better than they, but because we are in harmony with that civilization which has at length secured the whole country for its theater, and of which the North is at once the outgrowth and exponent. What then do the Northern friends of the freedman desire, and what must they have? Simply freedom. They must feel at liberty to contribute as they choose for his advantage, either through his Southern friends or Northern societies; or, as many have done, by going to him with the richest of all gifts—themselves. If Southern Christians hesitate here, if they try to exclude or embarrass any preacher or teacher because he is from the North and holds out high possibilities of attainment to the freedman, they show that they have neither learned the lessons of the war nor made the acquaintance of their new country.

Judging from Dr. Fuller's description of the colored people, one would think that they were all going to destruction, and that emancipation was the cause; for he talked about them as "sheep without a shepherd," and "perishing millions." How could I help remembering, and wishing to tell him and all the audience, that in Maryland, his "adopted country," (perhaps a *lapsus linguæ* from the force of habit) in nearly a hundred communities the colored people provide for the board of their teachers, buy their books, and in many cases raise a *missionary* fund of fifteen dollars per month besides. This is done by men whose wages are ten dollars a month with board and lodging, and by women who have five dollars and often more children. They pay in their poverty far more for their schooling *per capitum* than we do in New York. Does not this look like a manhood which needs no pity? The facts which I have stated can be verified at the rooms of the Baltimore Association for the Education and Moral Improvement of the Colored People, or by going through the schools with Judge Bond.

What the freedman needs is, less pity and fair play. If Southern clergymen, in applying Gospel morality to everyday life denounced the contemptible meanness of discharging laborers on account of their votes, breaking contracts with them so that they suffer more than their share, or putting them under any disabilities in the purchase of goods or lands, the beginning of this new era would be brighter. It is not charged that Christians do these things; but it is suggested that they should openly and fearlessly condemn the public enemies who do. When the South insists that all her inhabitants stand equal in the eye of the law, that a crime against the humblest is a crime against all and must be punished as severely as a crime against the most exalted, the enlargement of her freedom will prove to be, as we pray that it soon may, the enlargement of her prosperity. That the Southern clergy can do the most in thus building anew the foundations of Southern society cannot be denied; and that it is the proper moral sentiment, and not military power, which should be trusted to remove these abuses is equally clear.

It was delightful to listen to the expressions of willingness to co-operate with us, and of desires for mutual confidence and good-will; but when I looked at Dr. Manly, president of the Baptist Theological Seminary at Greenville, who was sitting on the platform, how could I forget that the Baptist pastor in that town, where the Freedman's Commission has about three hundred pupils, refused to make a friendly call upon the principal of the school, although I told him kindly that she was the widow of a Baptist minister, and was laboring there among Christ's poor for his sake? "More in love to the South and to all. But the[re], while he was preaching and pray[ing] on Sundays, she was feeding the [Mas]ter's lambs, early and late, witho[ut] a word of cheer or recognition fr[om] that undershepherd! Within [my] own knowledge, I can testify that m[any] South yearning [many] of our teachers went in all [re]spects as members of sister [chur]ches, but were so wounded by seeing la[dies(?)] leave any pew which the former entered, and by other public insults, that they gave up in a sort of indignant sorrow. And these Christian women, in cultivation and social standing, were the peers of any whom they could meet away from home. I mention such cases not to cast a shadow upon the sincerity of the delegation, but to show what an illustration it might secure to-morrow. This, however, these gentlemen probably know better than I; and I fear that some of them agree with me in the opinion that the hardest of all Southerners to "reconstruct" are the editors and ministers. The soldiers fought out their differences; but the priests and scribes who stayed at home found so much humble pie to eat at the end of the war, in broken promises and unfulfilled prophecy, that grace has not yet been sufficient for them. All hail to the few who lead in the course, which it is impossible to turn, till throughout the South all who work in good faith for the lowly will be honored with reverence and rewarded with love.

AMERICAN LANDSCAPE ART.

BY A LANDSCAPE PAINTER.

THE claims of American art to recognition in the great world of art cannot be said to have been fairly weighed and appreciated in the exposition of the works of all nations recently held in Paris. Among the critics who there sat in judgment there seems to have been no one sufficiently broad and untrammeled to see and point out the peculiar individuality of American art and its tendencies, or to fully measure its progress. Although these were by no means adequately represented in the works exhibited in Paris, yet in those works it is not asserting too much to say that the aim and progress of art in America were easily discoverable. Nevertheless the Paris *Guide* says: "The United States of America are surely a great country, and the North Americans are a great people; but what little artists they still are. The grand daubings which they exhibit under pretexts of 'Blue Mountains,' 'Niagara Falls,' 'Genesee Plains,' or the 'Rainy Season in the Tropics' attest as much infantile arrogance as puerile ignorance."

Our French neighbors seem to think that because American landscapes do not abound in the dramatic and sensational, which forms so large an element in nearly all European pictures, that we cannot paint at all. The reason is obvious. In most European landscapes there is a necessity for the introduction of dramatic effect in the barrenness of their subjects; so that to them pictorial beauty is one thing and natural beauty another until even their finest scenes, when represented on canvas, are divested of the simple grandeur and beauty of Nature, and clothed in the mannered garb of some particular school that assumes to be the exponent of beauty. Again, the life of the French people is artificial, sensational, and voluptuous, and unfits them to appreciate art that is earnest and true and appeals to the spiritual of our natures; and, this being characteristic of American art, they have no sympathy with it, and cannot understand it.

The rapid development of landscape painting in this country is owing mainly to the character of our scenery, not to our academies; their teachings have done quite as much to retard as to encourage the free growth of art here. But our grand school of Nature is open to all. Its teachings, in spite of academic rules and antediluvian professors, have had their influence, and have given shape and bias to American art. And Nature's teachings have not only affected the artist, but the national heart. Nature will be seen and heard; she forces herself upon us at every turn; she works herself into the very soul, and overshadows the evanescent, the unreal, and the sensational.

So Americans of taste and culture are no longer satisfied with the forced and sensational productions of most of the European schools. They demand a higher order of picture—something that appeals to the soul as well as the intellect, something that teaches the heart while it fills the eye. The American mind does not love Art less, but Nature more.

And our artists are meeting this demand. The same causes that create the demand raise up the artists to fill it.

The London *Post*, of April 15th, speaking of our landscape painters, says: "As landscape painters the Americans are already eminent. They suffer from no lack of material. They have a magnificent country to inspire them—a country of unbounded pictorial resources—a country which embraces all known climates "from Indus to the Pole"; more beautiful than Italy, more savage than Norway, more tropical than Hindostan. With such a theme lying ready at his hand, the artist who loves and is proud of his country (and what American does not love and is not proud of his country?) has no excuse for not achieving greatness." And, we add, no excuse for not being *American*.

That there is a distinctive American school of art is readily admitted by all men of taste and culture who know art as it now exists in this country—so far as landscape painting is concerned, at least. Most of our figure painters, having studied in Europe, still hold on to the maternal hand, or assay to try the strength of their own limbs with fear and trembling; but the productions even of some of these—as Eastman Johnson, T. W. Wood, and Winslow Homer, for instance—are fast assuming a national character. Our school of landscape is an undisputable and fixed fact. And the superiority of American landscapes over the productions of the best European masters is so well understood that our shrewdest picture-dealers have already ceased to import, to any extent, European landscapes; as only a few individuals, with more money than taste, are found to purchase them—men who still think that because in the last generation, when American art was young, and we had only a few feeble imitators of European schools, when all good pictures had to be imported, that it must be so still, or who believe that anything to be good must be far-fetched. But we will look at the facts. Church is unapproached by any landscape artist in Europe; and, not having studied there, is wholly unlike and independent of them. McEntee gives us the spirit and poetry of a November day as no other man has ever done on either continent. Hope, one of the most American of American artists in subject and handling, has no rival in Europe in forest and brook scenery.

The Hills, father and son, and W. T. Richards, are purely American. Bierstadt, though "Dusseldorfish" in handling, is American in subject, and paints with great facility and power. S. R. Gifford's "Shrewsbury River, Sandy Hook," now in the Academy exhibition, is a picture of wonderful power and truth. We know of no similar European production that can compare with it. J. M. Hart, Durand, Inness, Griswold, Shattuck, Whittredge, and many others, especially of the younger artists, are all more or less approaching the *Realistic*, which is *the American School*.

And to them we look for real progress in art. Not to the pre-Raphaelite, whose great aim seems to be to render his works curiosities of detail; nor to those *leaders* in art who hold that all excellence culminated with the old masters, and that it is heresy to hope for anything beyond. The very theory of the latter precludes all progress; at best, they can become but clever imitators, as numerous examples on the sight-line of every Academy exhibition too truly attest. Their day has gone by. The motto of this age is Progress!

NORTH STAR.

Book Table.

AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF ELDER KNAPP.*

THE beginning of the present century was marked by a crisis in religious thought. The teachings of Edwards, Emmons, Hopkins, and their theological comrades, had been exaggerated by their disciples into a Calvinism which might well have evoked an indignant protest from John Calvin in his grave; who, more than any other founder of philosophy, has occasion to cry out, "Save me from my friends." God was taught to be the direct efficient cause of every act, good or evil. Man, inexorably controlled by the strongest motive, was represented as the creature of an irresistible fate. The good tidings of great joy which the angels proclaimed to the shepherds was travestied by the cheerful intelligence, substituted for the Gospel, that no man could repent, and that every man would be damned who did not. "You will and you won't, you shall and you shan't, you can and you can't, and you'll be damned if you don't," was hardly a parody of that hyper-Calvinism which claimed to be the orthodoxy by whose standard all preaching was to be tested.

The consequence was that the chosen Scripture motto of the churches was, "Their strength is to sit still." And they cheerfully complied with the condition. To do anything for the conversion of souls was a sort of profanation. It robbed God of his glory. It constituted an audacious assumption. The ministry were never tired of quoting Moses's command to the children of Israel, "Stand still and see the salvation of God"; forgetting that God reversed it in the direction, "Go forward." There were no Sunday-schools—none, certainly, worthy of the name; neither home nor foreign missions; few colleges and theological seminaries; and a serious question in some denominations whether the ministry should be educated at all—whether the farmer should not, like Elisha, go direct from the plow, and trust the divine inspiration for his power to instruct the people. Salaries were yet more meager than they are now. Dr. Beecher was feeding, clothing, and educating a family of ten children on a salary of $800 per annum. The clergy, usually compelled to divide their time between the farm and the pulpit, were rarely able to serve either adequately. Prayer-meetings were by no means common. When Dr. Beecher went to Boston, in 1826, there was not a weekly prayer-meeting in the city. "When I first set up evening meetings," says he, "not a bell tingled; but after a few weeks not a bell that didn't tingle."

Such a state of theology and religion produced its own cure by the law of reaction. An indignant protest against this fatalism began to make itself heard. The power of man to obey the law of God, and his responsibility for disobedience, began to be urged. The practicability and duty of immediate repentance began to be presented. Men found that there were other texts in the Bible than "wait *on* the Lord"; and that even that did not mean "wait *for* the Lord." The hyper-Calvinists were unwilling to practice on their own doctrines. They did not leave them to be defended by Providence. They contended earnestly for the faith once delivered to the saints. The battle grew hot and waxed fierce. It sundered the Presbyterian Church into Old and New School. It begot New Haven and East Windsor. It divided the Baptist churches into Missionary Baptists—who believed in missions, prayer-meetings, and Sabbath-schools—and Regulars or Hard Shells. And in New England, where thought is freest, and where too every one feels the need of some ostensible religion and some churchly institution, it gave impetus to the Unitarian movement.

The revivals of the beginning of the century were a part of this general religious activity. Men were at first astonished, then alarmed, to find that they had anything to do. "Work out your own salvation" rung on their startled ears with strange and solemn distinctness. Finney, Burchard, Beecher, and with lesser power many others, preached through the country what were called the "new doctrines." They accompanied them with "new measures." Having preached that man was to do something, they gave him something to do. Hence the inquiry meeting, the anxious bench, and the rising for prayers. All were co-ordinated parts of one great mental movement, whose last waves are rolling upon the shore in the efforts of such men as Hammond and Earle. Prominent among these revivalists—no one of whom would have been *thus* prominent in any other era—was the subject of this autobiography. A Baptist, laboring chiefly in country districts and among the poorer classes, laboring, too, chiefly with a denomination whose fatalism had been most strongly marked, and in which consequently the reaction was the strongest, Elder Knapp probably enjoyed a wider notoriety and a greater success, measured by immediate results, than any of his cotemporaries. He has, that is, probably preached to more people, conducted more protracted meetings, "got up more revivals," and baptized more converts, than any man since the days of Whitfield.

Elder Knapp exhibits himself to us, in this sketch of his life, as a man of narrow views, but strong convictions; of a rather coarse-grained nature, but of great force of will; of no power of logic, no philosophic grasp of truth, no such mental characteristics as in the case of Finney and Beecher leave a permanent mark upon their age; but of power in pithy and pungent sayings, of sincere purpose, but of a sublime egotism that rises at times into a genuine fanaticism. He believes that the Baptist denomination constitutes the Church of Christ; that his little pew is the whole cathedral; and that there will be unity in the church not by any spirit of mutual allowance but by the conversion of all pædo-Baptists to close communion immersionists. But then, like most men who only see a little way, he is sure of what he does see. He furnishes no new arguments for the substantial truths of Christianity, but produces a popular effect against atheism by contemptuously designating it as "the little end of nothing whittled down to a point." He affords no strong refutations of fatalism, such as are to be found in the sermons of some of his less popular cotemporaries; but he makes a palpable hit against his life-long opponents, the hyper-Calvinists, by whimsically comparing them to "a goose who would sit all summer on a few round stones, hiss off any who might purpose to supply her with eggs, and finally get up without hatching a gosling." He consecrates himself to his work with a single-heartedness of propose and a simplicity of faith that cannot fail heartily to commend him to us. But he sustains himself in the hour of danger and difficulty by miracles before which those of the ancient prophets pale into insignificance. A man is drawing the Elder's portrait on the back of a pew. His hand drops palsied at his side. A mob gathered to drive him from the church. A thunder-storm disperses them. A second mob in another city gather, incredulous, and demand a like "sign from Heaven." What Christ refused to the ancient Jews God grants to the prayer of the Elder, and a sudden and fierce storm breaks upon and drives his enemies away. A Universalist minister who persists in interrupting his services is suddenly struck dumb. Two young men in a freak tie up the bell-rope of the church. Elder Knapp prophecies that in a year they will both be in hell. Within a year death fulfills his arrogant prediction. These stories of marvels that run through all these pages will be read with awe by the faithful, and with skepticism by the incredulous. But the Elder recites only what he evidently believes; and the very sincerity of his convictions impress themselves upon all that large class of people with whom strong assertion is more potent than proof.

We judge, then, to sum up the whole matter, that Elder Jacob Knapp's biography will be read with reverence by those who accept him as a prophet; with interest by those who have benefited by his teaching; and with curiosity by those who are interested in the study of the development of religious thought, and in the investigation of peculiar psychological phenomena. Let us frankly confess that it is the latter aspect which has lent the book all its interest to us.

* AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF ELDER JACOB KNAPP. With an Introductory Essay. By E. JOHNSON. Pp. 240. New York: Sheldon & Co.

WHERE IS THE CITY? Boston: Roberts Brothers.

We copy the title-page, in which it would appear that the publishers have answered the question of the author. Israel Knight, not yet arrived at years of discretion, found one day in his Bible the following sentence: "And the name of the city from that day shall be, The Lord is there." He came thereupon to the sage conclusion that there was a city, and started out in search of it. He traveled among Baptists, Congregationalists, Methodists, Episcopalians, Quakers, Swedenborgians, Spiritualists, Universalists, and Unitarians, in quest of the city where the Lord dwells; and came back from his pilgrimage about as much obfuscated as might reasonably be expected from a not over-strong brain subjected to so severe a trial. As wise as he was in the beginning, his conclusion is the interrogation which designates his treatise, and with which he started out on his voyage of discovery. Clearly he is not the spiritual Columbus to discover this new world. Like Noah's dove, he finds no rest for the sole of his foot. He comes to the Baptists. They bring him to the city, which they assure him can only be entered as Cyrus entered Babylon in the days of Belshazzar, by the water-gate. He asks the Congregationalists. They show him a city whose gate is large enough to permit the parents to bring in their children with them; but into which they march in broken ranks, somewhat disorderly. He inquires of the Methodists; and is inclined to doubt whether a modern camp-meeting, which seems to afford him his chief conception of Methodism, be indeed the City of the Great King—the New Jerusalem, descended out of Heaven from God. At least, if it is, it has descended a good ways. He inquires of the Episcopalians, who march in serried ranks and with banners flying, and who asseverate very strongly that the gate through which they are going is that built by the Apostles, whose sign-manual is the proof they have found the city. And so, from denomination to denomination he passes, in ever-growing doubt, it never entering his bewildered brain that there is but one city; that, like Jerusalem of old, it has but one Temple, the Lord God Almighty, and one Holy of Holies, Jesus Christ and him crucified, the earthly shadowing forth of the heart of God; but that, like Jerusalem of old time, it has many gates, seemingly far apart on earth, but all leading to one center in Heaven. Oh! fools and blind, shall we never learn that the city of the Great King is not to be found within the walls of any petty denomination, but includes all who love our Lord Jesus Christ in sincerity? Far better might poor Israel Knight look for the geographical boundaries of the republic of letters than for the denominational bounds of the city "where the Lord is."

THEORETICAL ASTRONOMY; Relating to the Motions of the Heavenly Bodies revolving around the Sun in accordance with the Law of Universal Gravitation. By JAMES C. WATSON, Director of the Observatory at Ann Arbor and Professor of Astronomy in the University of Michigan. Pp. 662. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. London: Trübner & Co.

In looking over this large and beautifully printed book, with its astounding array of astronomic formulæ, of logarithmic tables, and of algebraic pot-hooks, we have been vividly reminded of a saying of King James I. When Lord Bacon presented one of his most abstruse treatises to that monarch, the latter turned over the leaves attentively for some time, and then closed it with a single despairing remark: "This book is like the peace of God: it passeth all understanding." If it always gave Bishop Hoadley the headache merely to look at Butler's Analogy, it probably would have finished him outright to have cast his eyes on the "Theoretical Astronomy" of Professor Watson.

We trust that our readers will not be so terrified by these remarks as to be unwilling to read further that this work is really one of the most important achievements thus far made by any American in the higher walks of science. All who are devoted to scientific pursuits will of course obtain the work, or at least full account of it through journals devoted exclusively to scientific subjects. We chronicle the appearance of the book as being a fact of interest to general readers, and an honor at once to the enterprise and high-mindedness of the Messrs. Lippincott & Co., to the genius of its author, and to the cause of science in America.

Prof. Watson himself explains the reason which induced him to undertake the great labor he has just performed. "The discovery of so many planets and comets has furnished a wide field for exercise in the calculations relating to their motions; and it has occurred to me that a work which should contain a development of all the formulæ required in determining the orbits of the heavenly bodies directly from given observed places and in correcting these orbits by means of more extended discussions, of series of observations, and also such practical directions as might guide the inexperienced computer, might add very materially to the progress of the science by attracting the attention of a greater number of competent computers. The labor of the preparation of the work will have been fully repaid if it shall be the means of directing a more general attention to the study of the wonderful mechanism of the heavens, the contemplation of which must ever serve to impress upon the mind the reality of the perfection of the OMNIPOTENT, THE LIVING GOD!"

PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED.

BOOKS.

Modern Representations of the Life of Jesus. Four discourses delivered at Hanover, Germany, by Dr. Gerhard Uhlhorn, First Preacher to the Court. Translated from the third German edition by Chas. E. Grinnell. 16mo, pp. 164. Little, Brown & Co., Boston.

Dictionary of Shakespearian Quotations. Exhibiting the most forcible passages illustrative of the human passions, Arranged in alphabetic order. 12mo, pp. 418. Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger, Philadelphia.

The Adventures of Oliver Twist. Pictures from Italy, and American Notes for General Circulation. By Charles Dickens. With ten illustrations. "Charles Dickens" edition. 18mo, pp. 519. Ticknor & Fields, Boston.

Hints on the Formation of Religious Opinions. Addressed especially to Young Men and Women of Christian Education. By Rev. Ray Palmer, DD. 12mo, pp. 200. A. D. F. Randolph, New York.

Barnaby Rudge, and Hard Times. By Charles Dickens. With ten illustrations. "Charles Dickens" edition. 18mo, pp. 569. Ticknor & Fields, Boston.

The Spanish Conquest in America, and its Relation to the History of Slavery and to the Government of Colonies. By Arthur Helps. Vol. IV. 12mo, pp. 436. Harper & Brothers, New York.

The American Annual Cyclopædia and Register of Important Events for the Year 1867. Vol. VII. D. Appleton & Co., New York.

Johnny Weston; or, Christmas Eve at the White House. By Mrs. Emma Marshall. 18mo, pp. 216. J. P. Skelly & Co., Philadelphia.

Going to Jericho; or, Sketches of Travel in Scain and the East. By John Franklin Swift. 8vo, pp. 447. A. Roman & Co., New York.

Words from the Poets. Selected by C. M. Vaughan. 18mo, pp. 316. McMillan & Co., London. Fett & Amery, New York.

The Spanish Gypsey. A Poem. By George Eliot. Author of "Adam Bede." 16mo, pp. 287. Ticknor & Fields, Boston.

The Elements of Written Arithmetic. By James S. Eaton, M. A. 16mo, pp. 168. Taggard & Thompson, Boston.

Nights of Wrestling and Mornings of Joy. By John Bunting, D.D. 18mo, pp. 144. W. D. Ward, New York.

The Story of a Basket. Told by Itself. By Emma Marshall. 18mo, pp. 317. J. P. Skelly & Co., Philadelphia.

Aldeane, A Novel. By Laura Preston, author of "In Bonds." 12mo, pp. 466. A. Roman & Co., New York.

Holidays at Roselands. A Sequel to Plain Dinsmore. 16mo, pp. 307. M. W. Dodd, New York.

PAMPHLETS.

Report of the State Libraries of Connecticut to the General Assembly relating to the Registration of Births, Marriages, and Deaths, and to Statistics. Charles J. Hoadley, Hartford, Conn.

Russian and English Phrase Book for the Use of Travelers, Travelers, and Tourists. By Azariye Homcharenko. A. Roman & Co., San Francisco.

Minutes of the Thirteenth Session of the Kansas Annual Conference of the Methodist Epis. Church. H. P. Satchwell, Baldwin City.

Harper's Pictorial History of the Great Rebellion. Nos. 29, 30, 31, 32. Harper & Brothers, New York.

First Annual Report of the Massachusetts Infant Asylum. Mrs. Edward W. Hooper, Brookline, Mass.

Fifth Annual Report of the Working-Women's Protective Union, 44 Franklin street, New York.

PERIODICALS.

The Reformed Church Monthly. June. J. H. A. Bomberger, Philadelphia.

The Little Wanderer's Friend. May. Brown & Perkins, New York.

The London Quarterly. April. Leonard Scott Publishing Company, New York.

The New Church Monthly. June. New Church Conv. Union, Philadelphia.

The Evangelical Repository. June. Wm. S. Young, Philadelphia.

The Sunday-school Teacher. June. Adams, Blackmer & Lyon, Chicago.

The New Jerusalem Magazine. June. T. H. Carter & Sons, Boston.

The American Missionary. June. 53 John street, New York.

The Kansas Educational Journal. May. H. B. Norton Emporia.

The Sabbath at Home. June. Am. Tract Society, Boston.

Public Spirit. June. Le Grand Benedict, New York.

Littell's Living Age. June 6. Littell & Gay, Boston.

The Friend. June. 123 William street, New York.

The Sailors' Magazine. June. 80 Wall street, N. Y.

The Schoolmate. June. Joseph H. Allen, Boston.

Merry's Museum. June. H B. Fuller, Boston.

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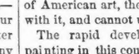

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THE ADELP

The Farmers' Column.

HOW TO GROW LARGE VEGETABLES.—It is hard for cultivators in general to save for seed their earliest berries or vegetables; yet a vast increase of food may be obtained by managing judiciously, and systematically carrying out for a time the principle of saving the earliest and best of each crop.

Take, for instance, a pea, plant it in very rich ground; allow it to bear the first year say half a dozen pods only, remove all others; save the largest single pea of these, sow it the next year, and retain of the produce three pods only; sow the largest on the following year, and retain a pod; select the largest again, and next year. The sort will by this time have trebled its size and weight. Ever afterward sow the largest seed; and by these means you will get peas, or anything else, of a size you could formerly have had no conception of.

DOES IT PAY TO HILL CORN?—Mr. J. J. Weston, of Vermont, made an experiment last season with flat, medium, and high hills, with the following result. 4,000 hills are allowed to the acre, and 75 pounds in the ear for a bushel.

	PRODUCTION.	
	Lbs. Seed. Lbs. per Acre.	*Bush. per Acre.*
4 flat hills..44	4,000	85¾
4 medium "..49	4,227	84⅜
4 high "..57	4,181	69
Difference in high over flat hills..13	1,181	15¾

Value of 15¾ bush. corn @ $1 75 per bushel.....$26 63
Extra expense of making high hills per acre..... 2 50

Balance in favor of high hills per acre..... 24 13

Farmers, try the experiment well and satisfy yourselves. It is a question to be considered whether it is better to spend the above extra labor in making high hills to corn, or whether a much greater result can be obtained by the much easier cultivation of a little larger surface. In these days, when labor is high, it is worth while to consider whether the extra gains are worth the pains.

A RECORD OF HORTICULTURE.—There are so many new varieties of fruits, flowers, shrubs, and vegetables brought before the public every year, and advertised or puffed to the greatest extent, that it is almost distracting as well as expensive for any horticultural amateur to get a good opinion of their value.

This country has long needed some active, energetic, independent fruit-grower, who could take all these high-heralded novelties, experiment well with them, determine their value, and make impartial report to the public. This should be properly the province and duty of the department of the U. S. Commissioner of Agriculture. But it has been useless to hope for such results from that direction; and at last individual enterprise has taken hold of it, and is succeeding most creditably in the task.

Mr. A. S. Fuller has been long and favorably known to the agricultural public for his public spirit and correct judgment on horticultural matters. His books—the "Small Fruit Culturist," "Grape Culturist," and "Forest Tree Culturist"—have successfully met a demand for information from the general public, and increased his reputation as a standard authority. Devoting his time to experiments with most of the novelties offered each season, and being uninfluenced by any pecuniary interest in any plants, he is able at the close of each year to make a fair and truthful criticism. If he says a plant is good, we can believe him; if poor, we had better shun it.

The results of all this practical experience are summed up in a "Record of Horticulture," published each year by F. W. Woodward, this city. That for 1867 met with a flattering success; and No. 2, just issued, is still more interesting and spicy than ever. His criticisms on some book-makers, though merciless, are after all generally just. The reports on trials of new fruits and plants are very valuable.

BOOK FARMING.—Those who sneer at book farming are requested to read the following and give us their opinion.

There was a farmer once who hesitated not to hurl all manner of invectives against book-farming and those who consulted books for advice. By long experience and practical observation, he had become quite successful in the culture of grapes and trees. His fields were clean, and fair, and highly productive. His trees were vigorous, well-adjusted, and profitable.

In conversation with a friend, he related his experience in raising grapes and trees, entering into the minutest details, sometimes becoming quite eloquent when describing his victories over the enemies which infest them.

"His knowledge," he said, "was gained by dint of application, by actual experience and hard labor. It was none of your book-knowledge, written by men who know nothing about farming."

"Well," said his friend, "if all this valuable information, gained by the assiduous labor and observation of so many years, and which you have so clearly described, were written out and published, which would you have a young and inexperienced man do—take this as he finds it from your pen, or go through the same tedious process that you have gone through with, including all its vexations and losses?"

The question puzzled him, and he was silent for a moment; but was obliged at last to confess that, after all, there was much that was valuable in books, because combining and relating the results and experience of practical cultivators.

Reader, do not condemn book-farming. You may criticise certain books very severely, because written by ignorant, theoretical hands; but there is always good wheat as well as abundant chaff. So there are many good books as well as poor ones. The time may come when a single hint from a book or paper may save your farm or orchard, or add to your wealth, by telling you how to increase your crops.

DON'T KILL HIM.—Many farmers have noticed in their fields a large black beetle, with most brilliant golden dots placed in rows on his back. Dr. Fitch says: "Its eggs produce the *corn-grub killer*. It is a most inveterate foe of the cut-worm, grass-grub the worm in its strong jaws, and, in spite of its violent writhing and struggling, securely holding it. When it finds these worms in plenty, it gorges and surfeits itself upon them till it is so glutted and distended as to be scarcely able to stir, for it never knows how to let a cut-worm alone when it meets him. It is continually filling these worms, feeding on nothing else if it can obtain them. Both it and the golden-dotted beetle, which produces it, therefore, should never be harmed."

RUTA BAGAS.—About the 15th of June begin preparations for a crop of ruta baga turnips. There is no food more easily obtained, or better relished by farm stock, as an agreeable variety and relief to the dry food necessarily used in winter. The best soil for the purpose is a sod broken up during the previous Fall. The *Germantown Telegraph* succinctly gives the easiest method for cultivation:

"The ground must be well prepared and manured deeply, the rows struck about thirty inches apart and the seed drilled in. When up two or three inches, the plants should be thinned out, removing the weakest, to four or five inches apart, and thoroughly cleared of weeds. The cultivator should be passed through once or twice carefully. In three or four weeks more another thinning out should take place, allowing the plants to stand from eight to ten inches apart. The hoe should be freely used between the plants, and the cultivator between the rows. Frequent stirring of the ground is indispensable in the production of a large crop. They are not removed from the ground before November. We have known eight hundred bushels to be raised to the acre, and have *heard* of twelve hundred.

"When the bagas are chopped up, and sprinkled with a little corn-meal or bran, they are eaten eagerly by cows and steers, and are not only fattening and milk-producing, but extremely wholesome."

PRESENT WHEAT CROP.—The Commissioner of Agriculture, in his reports as to the appearances of the coming wheat crop, states that all the prospects are exceedingly favorable. More or less winter-killing resulted in the belt between the 36th and 39th degrees of latitude from alternate freezing and thawing, the covering of snow not being of sufficient depth for protection.

It is worthy of mention and careful notice that, in every locality that has suffered from freezing, those fields that were plowed while the drift are comparatively uncathed, while the broadcast sowing is in miserable condition; and it is also found that thorough tillage enables the thrifty and well-rooted plant to endure the action of frost, while the carelessly sowed wheat is ruined.

AGRICULTURAL.

GET THE BEST.

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PAINTS FOR FARMERS AND OTHERS.—The Grafton Mineral Paint Company are now manufacturing the Best, Cheapest, and most Durable Paint in use. Two coats, well put on, mixed with pure Linseed Oil, will last ten or fifteen years; it is of a light brown or beautiful chocolate color, and can be changed to green, lead, stone, drab, olive, or cream, to suit the taste of the consumer. It is valuable for Houses, Barns, Fences, Carriage and Car Makers, Pails and Wooden Ware, Agricultural Implements, Canal Boats, Vessels and Ships' Bottoms, Canvas, Metal, and Shingle Roofs (it being Fire and Waterproof), Floor Oil Cloths (one Manufacturer having used 5,000 barrels the past year); and as a paint for any purpose is unsurpassed for body, durability, elasticity, and adhesiveness. Price $6 per barrel of 320 lbs., which will supply a farmer for years to come. Warranted in all cases as above. Send for a circular, which gives full particulars. None genuine unless branded in a trade-mark Grafton Mineral Paint. Address DANIEL PIDWELL, 24 Pearl street, New York.

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SEED WHEAT GROWER, CHAMBERSBURG, Penn., sends free a Descriptive List of the best Seed Wheats in the world.

INSURANCE.

Atlantic Mutual Insurance Co.

NEW YORK, January 25th, 1868.

The Trustees, in conformity to the Charter of the Company, submit the following Statement of its affairs on the 31st December, 1867.

Premiums received on Marine Risks, from 1st January, 1867, to 31st Dec., 1867.....	$7,322,015 73
Premiums on Policies not marked off 1st January, 1867.....	2,808,190 71
Total amount of Marine Premiums.....	$10,130,121 46
Premiums have been issued upon Life Risks, nor upon Fire Risks disconnected with Marine Risks.	
Premiums marked off from 1st January, 1867, to 31st December, 1867.....	$7,592,123 15
Losses paid during the same period.....	$4,224,561 61
Returns of Premiums and Expenses.....	$1,200,883 93

The Company has the following Assets, viz.:

United States and State of New York Stocks, City, Bank, and other Stocks.....	$5,864,485 00
Loans, secured by Stocks, and otherwise.....	2,775,450 00
Real Estate and Bonds and Mortgages.....	210,000 00
Interest, and sundry notes and claims due the Company, estimated at.....	232,414 83
Premium Notes and bills Receivable.....	3,230,143 27
Cash in Bank.....	323,674 02
Total Amount of Assets.....	$13,156,177 11

Six per cent. interest on the outstanding certificates of profits will be paid to the holders thereof, or their legal representatives, on and after Tuesday, the Fourth of February next.

Forty per cent. of the outstanding certificates of the issue of 1863 will be redeemed and paid to the holders thereof, or their legal representatives, on and after Tuesday, the Fourth of February next, from which date interest on the amount so redeemable will cease. The certificates to be produced at the time of payment and canceled to the extent paid.

A dividend of Thirty per cent. is declared on the net earned premiums of the Company for the year ending 31st December, 1867, for which certificates will be issued on and after Tuesday, the Seventh of April next.

By order of the Board,

J. H. CHAPMAN, Secretary.

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This Company takes Marine and Inland Navigation Risks on Merchandise, Freight, and Hulls of Vessels. On the payment of Premiums a Rebate or Discount on the current rates is made *in cash* as an equivalent for the Scrip Dividends of a Mutual Company. The amount of such Rebate, being fixed according to the character of the business, gives to Dealers a more just apportionment of profits than by the mutual system; and, being *made in cash*, on payment of the Premium, is more than equivalent to the *cash value* of the average Scrip Dividends of Mutual Companies.

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MUTUAL INSURANCE COMPANY,

Trinity Building, No. 111 Broadway.

Assets, Jan. 1st, 1868, - - - $1,050,378.

AVERAGE OF PROFITS, TWENTY-SEVEN PER CENT.

This Company insures against Marine and Inland Navigation Risks, on Cargo and Freight.

No Time Risks, or Risks upon Hulls of Vessels, are taken.

The Profits of the Company, ascertained, from January, 1855, to January, 1st, 1867, for which Certificates were issued, amounted to.....	$1,923,940 00
Additional Profits to January 1st, 1868.....	149,352 66
Total Profits for Thirteen Years.....	$2,073,292 66
The Certificates previous to 1864 have been Redeemed in Cash.....	1,356,910 00

NEW YORK, Feb. 12th, 1868.

JOHN K. MYERS, President.
WILLIAM LECONEY, Vice-President.
THOMAS HALE, Secretary.

SECURITY

INSURANCE COMPANY,

119 Broadway, N. Y.

ASSETS, JAN. 1, 1868, $1,477,677 12.

FIRE AND INLAND INSURANCE ON THE MOST REASONABLE TERMS.

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Improvements.

The simplest and best thing ever done in improving Life Insurance was the adoption of the system of CLASSIFYING LIVES by the AMERICAN POPULAR LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY. By this plan the "best risks" are insured in a class by themselves, and inferior risks in other classes, each class being distinct, paying its own losses, and sharing its own surplus; each, as it were, a separate Company, but all under one management.

This classification divides those persons who would be insured by other Companies into at least four distinct classes. The bases of this classification are

INHERITED LONGEVITY,
CONSTITUTION, HEALTH,
HABITS, RESIDENCE,
VOCATION, INTELLIGENCE.

That is to say, that persons of long-lived ancestry, good constitution, health, habits, etc., are classed with those similar to themselves in these respects, and persons with inferior advantages in other classes, the premiums varying with the classes.

The best class have the advantage of lower premiums, and more rapid and greater increase of the surplus and value of policies, than can be afforded by any other system or Company; as, by being separately classed, they are relieved of the great burden and expense of paying the numerous losses of the naturally shorter lived and comparatively weak persons.

The effects of this classification in individual cases can easily be determined through correspondence, or by calling at the Company's office, where an examination and full explanation can be had without charge.

As being the only one originated entirely in this country, this is called the AMERICAN SYSTEM OF LIFE INSURANCE; and the

AMERICAN POPULAR LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY,

having taken it as the basis of their business, had in view the perfecting of a plan whose methods of business should be entirely free from the mystifications and inequities under which Life Insurance on the old or European system had so long labored, and which at the same time should be POPULAR, or simple and easily understood by all.

The peculiar features and the details of its business fully and plainly set forth in its circular and other publications, which, together with an official report, showing its unparalleled success up to January, 1868, can be obtained at the Company's Office, or will be promptly mailed to any address.

The officers desire it to be fully understood that they hold themselves in readiness to discuss the methods and principles of the Company, before the public, in any manner that may be desired, feeling sure that their greatest publicity will insure its greatest success.

CENTRAL OFFICE,

Nos. 419 and 421 Broadway,

Corner Canal street,

NEW YORK.

MARKET

FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY,

NO. 37 WALL STREET.

NEW YORK, January 14th, 1868.

CONDITION OF COMPANY, JAN. 1st, 1868.

Capital Stock - - - $200,000 00
Total Assets - - - - 509,684 89
Actual Surplus - - - 279,160 15

Being nearly ONE HUNDRED AND FORTY per cent. (140) on the Capital.

The BOARD OF DIRECTORS have this day declared the usual Semi-Annual Interest Dividend of THREE and ONE-HALF per cent., Free of Government Tax, payable on demand.

In presenting the Annual Statement of the Company the officers have pleasure in pointing to its favorable condition, and congratulating its Stockholders, Policyholders, and friends generally, upon the satisfactory results of the business of the year just terminated.

THE SENSIBLE and FRANK avowal of the Great National Board of Underwriters, and also of the boards of this and other cities, that OUR POLICIES on the "PARTICIPATION PLAN" are BETTER INSURANCE, worth TEN and TWENTY per cent. more than the Policies of the Non-Participating Companies (being "iron-clad," as it were, by the large Scrip Fund), has had the beneficial effect to largely increase the business and prosperity of the Company—thereby extending its usefulness, and advancing the interest and security of its Policyholders.

The Company will continue, as heretofore, to insure respectable parties against Disaster by Fire, on the PARTICIPATION PLAN, or "in the Old Fashioned Way," as may be agreed upon.

The Prompt and Liberal Adjustment of Losses, when "Fair and square," will also continue the Specialty of the Company.

ASHER TAYLOR, President.
HENRY P. FREEMAN, Secretar.

MANHATTAN

Life Insurance Co.

OF NEW YORK.

Offices Nos. 156 & 158 Broadway.

HENRY STOKES, PRESIDENT.

C. Y. WEMPLE, Vice-President.
E. N. STEBBINS, Actuary.
J. L. HALSEY, Secretary.
H. Y. WEMPLE, Assist. Sec'y.

ADVANTAGES TO INSURERS:

SMALLEST RATIO OF MORTALITY.
EXPENSES LESS THAN ANY CASH COMPANY.
LIBERAL MODES OF PAYMENT OF PREMIUMS.
INSURERS RECEIVE THE LARGEST BONUS EVER GIVEN.
DIVIDENDS MADE ANNUALLY ON ALL PARTICIPATING POLICIES.
NO CLAIMS UNPAID.
ALL KINDS OF NON-FORFEITING LIFE AND ENDOWMENT POLICIES IS SUED.
POLICIES INCONTESTABLE.
ALL ENDOWMENT POLICIES NON-FORFEITABLE AFTER ONE PAYMENT.

The following are examples of the operations of the last dividend:

POLICIES ISSUED IN 1864 ONLY FOUR YEARS AGO

Age at Issue.	Amount Insured.	Premium Paid.	Added to Policy.	Total Am't Pol.
40	$10,000	$1,289	$3,572	$13,572
35	8,000	1,092	2,348	10,348
30	7,500	798	2,703	10,203
25	7,000	571	2,505	9,505

This is an entirely new plan, giving insurers the largest return ever made by any company in the same period.

GEORGE A. FRENCH, Manchester, N. H., General Agent for Maine and New Hampshire.

J. MASON EVERETT, Boston, Massachusetts, General Agent for Eastern Massachusetts.

O. L. SHELDON, Rochester, New York, Gen'l Agent for Northern New York.

R. J. BALL, Buffalo, New York, Gen'l Agent for Western New York.

L. D. WINDSOR, Erie, Pennsylvania, Gen'l Agent for Pennsylvania.

LEWIS, SPENCER & CO., Cleveland, Ohio, Gen'l Agents for Ohio, Indiana, etc.

HOME

Insurance Company

Offices No. 135 Broadway, New York, and 151 Montague St., Brooklyn.

Cash Capital - $2,000,000 00
Assets Jan. 1, 1868 - - - 3,623,896 78
Liabilities - - - - - - 107,490 55

Desiring to deal directly with its Customers, this Company will hereafter make a rebate from the Premium on Risks in the City, equal to the Commission heretofore paid as Brokerage.

CHAS. J. MARTIN, President.
A. F. WILLMARTH, Vice-Pres't.
D. A. HEALD, 2d Vice-Pres't.
J. H. WASHBURN, Secretary.
GEO. M. LYON, Assistant Secretary.
T. B. GREENE, 2d Assistant Secretary.

THE BERKSHIRE

LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY,

PITTSFIELD, MASS.

ALL POLICIES NON-FORFEITING.

Excellent opportunities for Agents. Good canvassers wanted on liberal terms.

WIDOWS'

ORPHANS

BENEFIT

Life Insurance Co.

OFFICE,

No. 132 Broadway, New York.

CHARLES H. RAYMOND, President.

CAPITAL AND ACCUMULATIONS SEVEN HUNDRED AND FIFTY THOUSAND DOLLARS!

PREMIUMS, POLICIES, AND DIVIDENDS ALL CASH!

ALL POLICIES ON THE MUTUAL PLAN.

DIVIDENDS AVAILABLE AT END OF SECOND YEAR AND ANNUALLY THEREAFTER.

Average Dividends have been to date as follows:
ON LIFE POLICIES, OVER 30 PER CENT. IN CASH.
ON ENDOWMENT POLICIES, OVER 22 PER CENT. IN CASH.

ALL POLICIES NON-FORFEITABLE AFTER SECOND YEAR.

Churches seeking to endow their faithful pastors are advised to consult the MINISTERIAL ENDOWMENT PLAN of this Company.

No better or more secure investment is offered to prudent business men and heads of families than the Life and Endowment Policies issued on the faith of this Company.

H. B. ROBINSON, Secretary.

ROBERT A. GRANNISS, Ass't Sec'y.

"PARTICIPATION INSURANCE."

The only system of insurance under which a company's ability to pay its losses KEEPS FULL PACE with its increasing business and consequent increasing liability to incur loss, without imposing any liability whatever upon the holders of its Policies.

CONTINENTAL

INSURANCE COMPANY.

102 Broadway, New York.

STATEMENT OF JULY 1, 1867.

CASH CAPITAL.....	$500,000 00
SURPLUS.....	1,314,300 31
CASH ASSETS.....	$1,814,300 31

THE

CONTINENTAL INSURANCE COMPANY

insures against loss and damage by fire on all kinds of buildings, merchandise, household furniture, farm property, including stock, RENTS, LEASES, and all other insurable property, at *reasonable rates of Premium*, on the PARTICIPATING PLAN, dividing three-fourths of the profits to its customers in scrip bearing interest at six per cent. per annum, redeemable in cash in the order of its issue, as rapidly as the accumulation represented by the scrip exceeds the sum of $500,000.

The scrip issues of this Company for 1857, '58, '59, '60, and '61, are now being redeemed in cash.

DIRECTORS.

GEORGE T. HOPE, President.
H. H. LAMPORT, Vice President.

A. A. Low.....	A. A. Low & Brothers.
JOHN D. MAILS.....	David Dows & Co.
S. B. CHITTENDEN.....	S. B. Chittenden & Co.
LORING ANDREWS.....	Loring Andrews & Sons
CARLOS COBB.....	
WM. T. COLEMAN.....	Wm. T. Coleman & Co.
C. H. SWAN.....	Grinnell, Minturn & Co.
WILLIAM T. BOOTH.....	Booth & Edgar.
CHAS. M. CONNOLLY.....	Connolly & Co
WILLIAM V. BRADY.....	
GEORGE W. LANE.....	Geo. W. Lane & Co.
CHAS. CORY TAPPEN.....	C. C. & H. M. Tappen.
SAMUEL D. BABCOCK.....	Babcock, Brothers & Co.
HENRY C. BOWEN.....	Henry C. Bowen.
AUGUSTUS B. HULL.....	Fahnestock, Hull & Co.
JAMES FRASER.....	Fraser, Major & Co.
WILLIAM M. VAIL.....	
HIRAM BARNEY.....	Barney, Butler & Parsons.
LAWRENCE TURNURE.....	Moses Taylor & Co.
SHEPPARD GANDY.....	Sheppard Gandy.
GEORGE GRISWOLD.....	L. & G. Griswold.
SAMUEL A. SAWYER.....	Sawyer, Wallace Co.
CYRUS CURTIS.....	President Washington Life Ins. Co.
WILLIAM D. MORGAN.....	F. E. E. Morgan & Son.
WM. ALLEN BUTLER.....	
DUER A. MOODCOCK.....	President Continental Bank.
D. H. ARNOLD.....	President of Mercantile Bank.
CHARLES LANIER.....	C. L. & J. M. Lanier.
L. H. BRIGHAM.....	Late Brigham & Parsons.
WELLINGTON CLAFF.....	Late Claup & Kent.
BRADISH JOHNSON.....	Johnson & Lataras.
JOHN CASWELL.....	John Caswell & Co.
HENRY F. SPALDING.....	Spalding, Hunt & Co.
JOHN PAINE.....	
JOSIAH BATTELL.....	Egleston, Battell & Co.
ROBERT H. McCURDY, late McCurdy, Aldrich & Spencer.	
GEORGE S. STEPHENSON.....	George S. Stephenson & Co.
GEORGE MOSLE.....	E. Parsenstell & Co.
WM. M. RICHARDS.....	Richards & Collins.
JOHN H. LABLE, ..Pres't N. Y. Mutual (Marine) Ins. Co.	
HENRY ETAE.....	
CHARLES H. BOOTH.....	Charles H. Booth & Co.
EDWARD MARTIN.....	Cranin & Co.
HORACE B. CLAFLIN.....	H. B. Claflin & Co.
CYRUS PECK Secretary.	

THE

WASHINGTON

LIFE

INSURANCE COMPANY,

No. 98 BROADWAY,

NEW YORK.

CYRUS CURTISS, President.
MATTHEW MITCHELL, Vice-President.
W. A. BREWER, Jr., Secretary.

ANNUAL DIVIDENDS

ON THE

CONTRIBUTION PLAN.

THE ONLY COMPANY WHICH APPLIES ITS DIVIDENDS TO HOLD GOOD A POLICY WHICH OTHERWISE LAPSES FROM NON-PAYMENT OF PREMIUM.

GENERAL AGENTS:

PAUL & MASON, for the Northwest, 130 La Salle St., Chicago, Ill.
DR. JAS. WRIGHT, Des Moines, Iowa, State Agent for Iowa and Nebraska.
FULLER & BUCK, Appleton, Wis., State Agents for Wisconsin.
A. W. PLATTENBURG, Springfield, Ill., Superintendent of Agencies.
CHAMBERS & SON, 809 Chestnut St., Philadelphia, Pa.
C. W. HOLDEN & CO., 70 Washington St., Boston, Mass.
GEO. M. CARPENTER, 56 Weybosset St., Providence, R. I.
E. S. FRENCH, Binghamton, N. Y., Superintendent N. Y. State Agencies.
F. T. HANNA, No. 8 First St., Troy, N. Y.
OSCAR CRAIG, Rochester, N. Y.
CARPENTER & EATON, No. 340 Broadway, N. Y. City.
GEO. W. PALMER, for Long Island, No. 96 Broadway, N. Y.
McELROY & TOWN, No. 105 Jefferson Avenue, Detroit, Mich.
POTTER & KIMBALL, cor. Third and Olive Sts., St. Louis, Mo.
THEO. AYERS, Morristown, N. J.
W. H. DYER, No. 76 West Third St., Cincinnati, O.

COLUMBIA FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY OF NEW YORK.

Office No. 161 Broadway, N. Y.

CASH CAPITAL.....	$200,000 00
SURPLUS.....	68,675 00
CAPITAL AND SURPLUS, April 1st, 1867.....	$268,675 00

ALFRED DOUGLAS, President.
JOHN B. ARTHUR, Secretary.
EDW. S. SATTERLEE, Assistant Secretary.

SECURITY

Life Insurance

AND

ANNUITY COMPANY,

31 and 33 Pine Street,

NEW YORK.

OFFICERS:

ROBERT L. CASE, President.

THEO. R. WETMORE Vice-Pres't.
ISAAC H. ALLEN, Secretary.

DIRECTORS:

EDWARD HAIGHT,
EDWARD WOOD,
CHARLES R. SWORDS,
JOHN P. UNDERHILL,
ROBERT LINDLEY MURR,
FRANCIS T. WALKER,
WILLIAM HUBBARD,
JOHN H. DRAPER,
JOSEPH F. KNAPP,
JAMES M. DRAKE,
JAMES BRETT,
FRANCIS PAYSON,
AUGUSTUS TABER,
JOHN W. GRAYDON,
ISAAC W. BUSHMORE, Brooklyn, L. I.
NATH. B. WEED, Darien, Ct.,
NEL. H. WILLIS, New Hamburgh, N. Y.
GEORGE INNIS, Poughkeepsie, N. Y.
ROBERT BOWNE,
CHARLES T. GOODWIN,
SIDNEY WINTERINGHAM,
EDWARD MARSHALL,
ROBERT L. CASE,
THEODORE R. WETMORE
ISAAC H. ALLEN,
J. McLEOD TAPPAN,
EDMUND TITUS,
CHARLES BELLOWS,
REUBEN H. UNDERHILL,
JOHN T. WILLETS,
A. R. WETMORE,
ROBERT B. HOWLAND,
RANDOLPH R. KNAPP, Peekskill, N. Y.,
JAMES BIGLER, Newburgh, N. Y.,
DAVID MOORE,
EDWARD C. JONES, New Bedford, Mass.

No Restriction on Travel, except in the Tropics.

Policies Incontestable after Three Annual Payments, except in case of Fraud.

This Company offers as great inducements to those PAYING THEIR PREMIUMS ALL

IN CASH

as any in the country, at the same time giving them the privilege of availing themselves of the

LOAN,

should the necessity arise.

ALL POLICIES ARE NON-FORFEITING AFTER THREE YEARLY CASH PAYMENTS HAVE BEEN MADE.

The Progress of this Company is Shown by the Table Annexed:

Year.	New Policies.	No. of Policies issued each year.	Gross Receipts.	Amount Insured in New Policies.	Total Gross Assets.	Increase over previous year in Gross Assets.
1861	1861	121	$22,623	$89,000	$22,623	
1862	1862	121	$22,623	$89,000	$22,623	
1863	1863	121	$22,623	$89,000	$22,623	
1864	1864	121	$22,623	$89,000	$22,623	
1865	1865	121	$22,623	$89,000	$22,623	
1866	1866	121	$22,623	$89,000	$22,623	
1867	1867	121	$22,623	$89,000	$22,623	

For General or District Agencies apply to the offices of the Company, Nos. 31 and 33 Pine street, N. Y.

☞ Liberal Commissions to experienced Agents.

HOME

LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY.

MUTUAL.

258 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

ASSETS, $1,800,000. ASSURED MEMBERS, 10,000

This Company, established and conducted by a Board of Directors, composed of men well and favorably known for wealth and commercial, financial, and social standing, offers to effect insurance on life, by any of the forms of Policies known in the business.

ADVANTAGES OF THE HOME.

It is a Mutual Company: all the net profits go to the assured.

It declares and PAYS dividends to its Policyholders annually, on all Policies that at the 1st dividend period (May 1st) have run one year.

Its last dividend was 40 per cent., which is more than a 50 per cent. dividend paid the fourth year after it is declared.

It has declared and paid a dividend every year since its organization.

IT LOANS TO ITS MEMBERS ONE-THIRD THE PREMIUM AS A PERMANENT LOAN.

It affords every facility in making proofs in case of death, and is prompt in the payment of its losses.

Its Assets are kept most securely invested, and are as large in proportion to its liabilities as any other Company.

Its Policies are all non-forfeiting; i. e., its members will, under any circumstances, get all the insurance that they pay for.

ITS POLICY-HOLDERS ARE FREE TO RESIDE OR TRAVEL IN ANY PART OF THE WORLD WITHOUT SPECIAL PERMIT OR EXTRA CHARGE.

It makes a very liberal discount from its table-rates to all Ministers of the Gospel.

OFFICERS:

WALTER S. GRIFFITH, President. I. H. FROTHINGHAM, Treasurer.
GEORGE C. RIPLEY, Secretary. WILLIAM J. COFFIN, Actuary.

GENERAL AGENTS:

DOROTHY & BAUMER, 25 Third Street, Cincinnati.
JAMES M. STRATER, HENRY W. CLARK (local), } No. 10 Methodist Block, Chicago.
KELLOGG, THORPE & Co., Milwaukee, Wis.
PARSONS & STARK, 141 N. Fourth street, St. Louis.
LEE PARSONS & SON, Jefferson Avenue, Detroit.
NEWBERRY & TOD, Atwater Block, Cleveland.
JOHN SHIPLEY, 49 Washington street, Boston, and 25 Exchange Place, Providence.
PHILIP PUND, New Haven.
N. G. SPALDING, Twedale Block, Albany.
ELIAS & COLTON, corner Fourth and Leroy streets, Philadelphia.
WAGNER & MCDOWALL, Pittston, Pa.
Good Local or Soliciting Agents wanted on liberal terms.
Address the General Agents, or the Home Office.
Pamphlets and all required information will be sent by mail on request.

METROPOLITAN

INSURANCE COMPANY.

No. 108 Broadway, New York.

THIS COMPANY, WITH A CASH CAPITAL OF

$300,000,

INTENDS HEREAFTER TO CONFINE ITS FIRE BUSINESS TO THE CITY OF NEW YORK AND VICINITY, and will also write MARINE RISKS on CARGO ONLY, at its office in the Metropolitan Bank Building.

JAMES LORIMER GRAHAM, President.
ROBERT M. C. GRAHAM, Vice-President.

Directors:

MARTIN BATES, F. H. WOLCOTT,
DUDLEY B. FULLER, P. W. TURNEY,
FRANKLIN H. DELANO, WM. T. BLODGETT,
GILBERT L. BEEKMAN, CHARLES P. KIRKLAND,
JOSEPH B. VARNUM, WATSON E. CASE,
LORRAIN FREEMAN, JOHN A. GRAHAM,
EDW'D A. STANSBURY, JOHN C. HENDERSON,
J. BOORMAN JOHNSTON, JAMES L. GRAHAM, Jr.,
SAMUEL D. BRADFORD, CLINTON B. FISK.

W. R. WADSWORTH, Secretary

PHENIX

INSURANCE COMPANY,

BROOKLYN, N. Y.

OFFICES: {No. 12 COURT ST., Brooklyn. No. 139 BROADWAY, N. Y.

Cash Capital, - - - - -	$1,000,000 00
Surplus, Jan. 1st, 1868 - -	558,567 73
Total - - - - - - -	$1,558,567 73

Fire, Marine, and Inland Insurance transacted at liberal rates. Losses equitably adjusted and paid in cash.

STEPHEN CROWELL, President.
PHILANDER SHAW Secretary.

SAFEST AND CHEAPEST SYSTEM OF INSURANCE.

WASHINGTON INSURANCE CO.,

178 BROADW

RAND'S

Pneumatic Gas.

WARRANTED

The Simplest, Safest, and Best Gas-Works in the World.

The gas made by these works is more uniform in quality than that made by any other known process.

The material need be supplied but once during the year, while all other apparatus used for making gas, such as are known as automatic machines especially, have to be supplied as often as weekly, semi-weekly, and daily.

The works being outside, and entirely separate from the dwelling-house or the building to be supplied with the gas, servants or others have no occasion to approach them.

All machinery being entirely dispensed with, these works can never get out of order.

The gas can be made for less than one-half of the price of coal-gas.

Enough gas can be made in from five to thirty minutes to supply dwellings, hotels, and factories using from twenty-five to one thousand burners.

Accidents are impossible, as the tank holding the liquid is placed in the ground, surrounded by water, and covered with the iron gas-holder.

It is the only portable gas- works that insurance companies do not class as extra hazardous.

We guarantee our gas-works to give satisfaction.

No skill is required to make this gas; a boy ten years old can make sufficient gas for ordinary dwellings in five minutes.

It is a cheap, cleanly, and convenient substitute for coal or wood to heat dwellings, and for all culinary operations, etc.

Those desiring further information will please send for descriptive circular to the

Office of the Company, where working models may be seen.

A. C. RAND & CO.,

No. 16 Nassau st.

GENUINE

Waltham Watches

AT

Greatly Reduced Prices.

Silver Hunting Watches	$18 00
Gold Hunting Watches, 18 carat cases	80 00
Gold Hunting Watches, Ladies' size	70 00

Every Watch warranted by special certificate from the American Watch Company.

We will send these Watches by Express, with bill to collect on delivery, to any part of the country, and give the purchaser the privilege to examine the Watch before paying.

We have prepared a descriptive price-list, explaining the different kinds, with prices of each, which we will send to any one on application.

☞ Please mention that you saw this in THE INDEPENDENT. Address in full

HOWARD & CO.,

No. 619 Broadway, N. Y.

Financial & Commercial.

MONEY MARKET.

THERE is no variation in the condition of the money market, except that there is a greater accumulation of loanable funds at this center; and the banks, as well as private bankers, are disposed to make loans on easier terms. Very few loans are made at a higher rate than five per cent. on mixed collaterals, while Government securities will command loans at 3 per cent. The common rate is 4 per cent. Business paper is readily negotiated at 5 to 6 per cent. The bank statement for the week is very favorable to increased ease, although it will be noted that there is a large decrease in the specie deposits. This latter fact would, in times of specie payments, cause an uneasy feeling; but in our present financial condition a loss of specie causes no more uneasiness than a loss of any other kind of merchandise. It is certainly better for us that the specie which accumulates in the vaults of our banks should be put in active use than that it should be left idle here. Hoarding up gold, as Mr. McCulloch does, is about as uneconomical a proceeding as hoarding up manure by a farmer would be at a time that his fields were in need of fertilizing applications. According to the bank statement—which it must always be borne in mind gives the average condition of the associated banks for the week, and not their exact condition at the close of the week—the legal-tenders are increased $3,183,375, and deposits $4,342,691. The loans are increased $5,614,877, and the specie is decreased $9,332,557. The following statement shows the condition of the New York City banks this week and last:

	May 30th.	June 6th.	Difference.
Loans	$276,157,433	$279,272,307	Inc. $3,114,877
Specie	27,807,000	26,736,443	Dec. 1,070,557
Circulation	34,145,904	34,186,193	Inc. 42,289
Deposits	204,746,964	209,089,654	Inc. 4,342,691
Legal-tenders	65,633,753	68,822,028	Inc. 3,188,275

The large shipments of specie, which amounted to $8,575,500 for the week, and to about $40,700,000 since the first of January, keep up the price of gold. The variations through the week have not been at all violent, the highest point being 140¼ and the closing price 139¾. The tendency of gold is evidently downward.

The dealings in Governments and in the Border State Bonds have been very large during the week. The very rapid rise of the previous week naturally led to a slight reaction; but the market touched bottom on Friday, and much higher prices are anticipated. Nothing but very bad mismanagement could have prevented our 5-20s selling above par in London. Foreign bankers and investors are very rapidly absorbing them; and, while money remains so abundant and interest so low at the great financial centers of Europe—in London, Paris, and Frankfort—it is altogether improbable that our national securities should much longer remain the lowest on the list.

CENTRAL PACIFIC RAILROAD.

THE financial agents of the Central Pacific Railway Co., Messrs. Fisk & Hatch, Bankers, No. 5 Nassau st., have advanced the price of the First Mortgage Bonds of the Company to 103 per cent. and accrued interest, or 3 per cent. above the recently current figures. The Company finds its ability to issue the bonds largely exceeded by the popular demand for them, which of late years has been very active, stimulated by the liberal rate of interest which the loan yields, fully equal to the favorite six per cent. Government Securities; and by the fact that both principal and interest are explicitly made payable in gold coin in the City of New York. Over half of the anticipated aggregate of the loan has already been sold, the price opening a year or two since at 95, and now fixed for the present at 103 per cent. and accrued interest, the latter calculated at the rate of 6 per cent. premium, in currency, from Jan. 1st. The Company is pushing forward the construction of the road with increased energy. They have now built, and have in successful operation, over 150 miles of road on both slopes of the Sierra Nevada Mountains, including the most difficult and expensive portion of the whole enterprise, and have an unusually large force at work extending the track into the Salt Lake Basin, the middle of which will be reached during the coming autumn, which will place more than 330 miles of the road in operation. Several important tributary branch and connecting roads are projected, and are now being built; and the prospect is fair that the continuous through line across the continent will be completed early in 1870, or in about two years from this date.

GENERAL MARKET REPORT.

[A Table of Quotations will be found in another column.]

BREADSTUFFS.—California Flour has been rather more active, and the decline of last week recovered. Southern Flour closed irregular, dull, and heavy for common brands. Rye Flour has improved, and closes firm at an advance. The decline in Wheat last week attracted the attention of speculators, and a rally has taken place. In prices, however, we have had considerable irregularity and variableness. At the close the market is very uncertain, buyers generally holding off. Barley is scarce and nominal. Barley Malt has advanced, and has been in fair demand. Canada Peas are more plenty, and are heavy. Rye Malt has been in fair demand at better prices. Rye has advanced and closes firm. Oats have been quite active, but at lower and variable prices. Indian Corn has been in active demand; being in part for export, but mainly for home use. Closing moderately active and lower.

BROOM CORN.—The market has been very dull, but prices have yielded but slightly; the supply is moderate; sales at 10@15 cts. per pound.

BUILDING MATERIALS.—There has been a fair business in all articles coming under this heading the past week. Prices have ruled quite firm, and some articles show an advance. We quote as follows: Bricks—Pale, per M, $8 50@$10; Common Hard, per M, $11 50@$13 50; Croton, per M, $15@$22; Philadelphia Front, per M, $40@$45. Cement—Rosendale, per barrel, $1 75. Hair—Cattle, per bushel, 8cts.; Mixed, per bushel, 20 cts.; Goat, per bushel, 70 cts. Laths—Eastern, per M, $3 50@$3 65. Lime—Rockland Common, per barrel, $1 95; Rockland Lump, per barrel, $2 25. Plaster Paris—Blue Nova Scotia, per ton, $8 50@$9 50; White Nova Scotia, per ton, $9 50@$10 50. Calcined Fastern, per bbl., $2 50@$3. Calcined Knickerbocker Mills, per barrel, $3 50; Calcined Empire Mills, per barrel, $3 50.

COAL.—A large business has been done in cargoes for the East at former prices. The yard selling prices are $4@$5 75 per ton. There is a moderate business doing in Sea Coals at former prices.

SUGARS.—The firmness in Raw Sugars noted at the close of our last report was only maintained for a few days, and latterly buyers have been enabled to operate at ¼c. decline. Holders do not press sales, however, and feel confident of an early reaction, attributing the prevailing dullness to the ample supplies temporarily concentrated in the hands of refiners. We quote at 11¼@11¾ cts. for Fair to Good Refining; 12@12⅜ cts. for Fair to Good Grocery, and 12¾@13⅛ cts. for No. 13 Box Dutch Standard. Refined are fairly active and steady at 16⅞ cts. for Powdered, Granulated, and Crushed; 15¾@15⅞ cts. for Soft White, and 14¾@14¾ cts. for Yellow.

COTTON.—No important changes have occurred; the fluctuations of prices all being within a range of ⅛ ct. per lb., and the aggregate of business very small. There is no class of buyers at the moment willing to operate except through necessity; and the bulk of the purchases are made by spinners, who have contracts to fill. The stocks on hand are small, however, and very widely distributed; which, with the continued ease in the money market, enables holders to sustain prices with comparative ease, and there is but little pressure to realize. Unfavorable reports from the new planting begin to be circulated; but they are as yet too remote to have any important effect. At the close the feeling is weak at about 30@30⅝ cts. for Middling Up lands, to 30¾@31¼ cts. for do. New Orleans and Texas.

DRUGS AND DYES.—We have had a fair jobbing demand, and the market has ruled quite firm.

FERTILIZERS.—The demand for Peruvian Guano is steady at $68, currency, Baugh & Son's Commercial Manures are selling at $44@$56; their Chicago Blood Manure is selling at $50 per ton, which is at an advance.

FLAX.—A moderate business passing at 14@21 cts. per pound, cash.

HAY.—We have had a steady fair demand for both shipping and retail trade; and, with moderate receipts, prices are firm and well sustained.

LEATHER.—Hemlock Sole has been in improved demand; large sales being made, principally to manufacturers, though Middle and Light Weights meet with a good inquiry. Oak Sole has been in fair demand, and has ruled firm.

PROVISIONS.—The offerings of Pork were very large during the greater portion of the week, and prices rapidly fell off. New Mess, seller August, at $27 50. At the close, however, the demand has improved and the decline has recovered, the market closing strong at $27 25@$27 50 for Old Mess, $26 50@$26 75 for New Mess, $24@$24 25 for Prime, and $27@$27 25 for Prime Mess. The market early in the week ruled very weak at $28 50 for July. Beef is quiet at previous figures. We quote at $9@$15 for Inferior and Country brands, $16@$21 for Plain Mess, and $20 50@$22 for Extra Mess. Tierce Beef remains nominal. Beef Hams are selling slowly at $23@$33. Cut Meats are irregular at about 13¼@13¾ cts. for Shoulders, 14¼@15¾ cts. for Dry Salted Hams, 16@16¾ cts. for Pickled do., and 19@21 cts. for Hams in canvas. Bacon is out of market. Lard has been pressed for sale, and large transactions took place at much lower figures, the market closing without much strength at 16¼@16⅝ cts. for No. 1, 16⅝ @17 cts. for City, and 17@17¼ cts. for Western Steam. Sales for July at 15¾ cts., buyer's option.

POSTSCRIPT.

LATEST DRY GOODS QUOTATIONS.

IMPORTANT TO EVERY MERCHANT IN THE UNITED STATES.

MONDAY EVENING, June 8, 1868.

THE following are the wholesale net cash prices of all the leading styles of Domestic Dry Goods sold in the New York market. It is confidently believed that this weekly information, specially reported to THE INDEPENDENT, (and more perfectly than to any other newspaper in the city), is worth, to every dry goods merchant, ten times the subscription price of the paper.

PRINTS.

Merrimack, W.	15	Amoskeag	12¾
Merrimack, D.	15¾	Lowell	11
Cocheco	14	Wamsutta	
Sprague	14	Victory	16¾
Pacific	15¾	Wauregan	11¾
American	12¾	Arnold	10¾
Gunnells	13¾	Hamilton	15
Allens	12¾	Richmond	13¾
Manchester	12¾	Gloucester	12¾
Freemans	11¾	Merrimac	13¾
Briggs	11¾	Lancaster	13¾
Nassau	12¾	Oriental	13¾

GINGHAMS.

Lancaster	18	Hartford	13½
Berkshire	16	Roanoke	11¾
Caledonia	16	Glasgow	17

BROWN SHEETINGS.

Amoskeag, A	14	Pocasset, F	14
Lawrence, C	14½	" G	13½
" F	14½	Pepperell, E	16
" G	14	" F	15
" H	13½	" G	13½
" I	13	" H	12½
Pacific, Extra	17	" I	12
" A	17	" J	11½
" H	14	" K	10½
Atlantic, A	17½	" L	9½
" H	16	Boot, S	17½
" L	16	" O	15½
" N	16	" H	13½
Superior, XXX	14½	Appleton, A	17½
Shawmut, C	14½	Laconia, O	15½
Agawam, F	14	" G	14
" G	13½	Lyman, E	14½
Massachusetts	13½	" F	13½
" H	12½	" G	12½
Indian Head	14	Utica	14
Exeter, A	13½	Tremont, C	14½
" B	12½	Ingmar Orchard, A	16
Medford	14	" B	15
Augusta	13	" C	13½
Gilboa	13½	Great Falls, H	9½
Cleveland, A	14	" J	8½
Kennebec	14	" M	13½
Everett, A	13	" S	13½
Shannon	14½	Cabot, W	15
Bedford, R	14½	Dwight, A	14½
Conesto Co. E	13	" G	13½

BLEACHED MUSLINS.

New York Mills	25	Dwight	19
Wamsutta	23	Ballou & Son	19
"	22½	"	18
Tuscarora	22½	Lonsdale	18
Williamsville	20	" Cambric	21
Baltic	20	Hill	17
White Rock	17	"	15
Forestdale	17	Barlech	14
Indian River, XX	14	" 33-inch	14½
" XX	13	" 30-inch	13½
Attawaugan, X	15	James Sim's Mills	14½
" XX	13	" 33-inch	13½
Masonville	14	" 31-inch	13½
Blackstone	14	Great Falls, J	14
Massasoit	13	" K	13½
Langdon	16½	" L	13
" 40-inch	19	Red Bank, A	14
Waureega, AA	21	Waltham, A	16
Pepperell	20	" 42-inch	16
"	18	"	14½
"	16½	"	13½
"	15½	"	12½
Utica	16	Franklin M'f'g Co	14½
"	15	Bay Mills	14½
"	13½	Pulaski, A	13½
Rock, R	15½	" B	11½
" B	14½	Green, G	14½
" C	13½	Amoskeag, A	13½
Androscoggin	14½	Whitesville	13½
Canoe	14½	"	12½

DENIMS.

Amoskeag	32	Otis Company, C	22½
York	25½	" AA	20
Blue Hill	15	" AAA	20
Northfield	15	Warren Brown	22½
Oakland	20	Peterboro, Brown	22½
Working Man's	35	Columbian	31

STRIPED SHIRTINGS.

Amoskeag	24½	Whittenton, A	20
York	25½	" BB	14
Uncasville	18½	" C	16
American	14½	Eagle	12½
Hamilton	24½	Thorndike	22½
Everett	15		

TICKS.

York, 30-inch	27½	Thorndike	18½
York, 25-inch	23½	Methuen, A	22½
Amoskeag, A. C. A	25	Hamilton, Regular	27½
" A	30	Willow Brook	30
" B	34	Everett	25
" C	34	" A. Extra	30
" D	30	Hampden, C	22
Conestoco, 4-4	38	Pearl River	35
" Extra	43	Pittsfield	9¼
Swift River	18		

CORSET JEANS.

Amoskeag	14	Pittsfield	15½
Laconia	14	Bates	11
Naumkeag Satteen	14	Hamilton, Oversized	12½
New Market	14	Everett	15

BROWN DRILLS.

Amoskeag	17½	Stirling	17½
Pemperell	17½	Tremont	16
Laconia	17½	Augusta	16
Stark, A	17½	Winthrop	14

DELAINES.

Pacific	16	Lowell	18
Hamilton	18	Sprague	18
Manchester	16	Armures	20

DRY GOODS.

THE Spring business in dry goods has been unusually prolonged, by reason of the unfavorable weather of the past month and the unsettled condition of political affairs; but it is now very nearly at a close, and the transactions for the next sixty days—which will bridge over the time until the commencement of the Fall trade—must necessarily be limited. But jobbers have not yet begun to cover up their goods, and there is considerable doing in the way of keeping up stocks, while many houses are on the alert to pick up lots of desirable goods for the Fall trade when they can be had sufficiently cheap. The Spring trade has not been quite so large nor as profitable as had been reasonably anticipated; but it has not been a disastrous season, by any means. Credits have been well sustained, and collections have been good. There will be something doing through the Summer; and the Fall may be looked forward to with a confident feeling, taking the crop prospects from all parts of the country as a basis for prudent calculation.

In regard to the trade of the past week we have no points of special importance to notice. Prices have undergone no changes of moment, and the prospects of the cotton crop, with the price of the raw material in Liverpool, do not warrant speculative movements either for a rise or a fall. The safest course, from present appearances, is to buy from hand to mouth; which, after all, is the true rule for merchants.

Domestics of all kinds are quiet. Though many mills have suspended operations temporarily, for repairs or other purposes, there is something of an increased stock in the hands of manufacturer's agents; which is not likely, however, to prove excessive.

In brown sheetings and shirtings there is but little doing. Prices remain firm and manufacturers show no anxiety to force sales. The hot season naturally causes languidness and an indisposition in either side to force business. The stock of heavy weights is something larger than it was, but prices have not declined on consequence. The market for bleached goods is in very much the same condition as that for brown sheetings. The better qualities of leading styles are in fair demand and prices are firmly maintained. Medium and low grades are less firmly held, and in some cases a decline of prices to the extent of a cent a yard has been submitted to.

Drills are in good supply, but in limited demand. The leading makes—such as Pepperell, Laconia, Appleton, and Massachusetts—sell at 17 cts. Canton flannels are not yet in demand for the fall trade, but appearances favor the conclusion that there will be an advance in prices before long.

Stripes and ticks of the better qualities are in moderate demand at quoted prices, but there is little call for the light weights.

In gray printing-cloths there is very little doing, except for speculation. Prices have been in a very unsettled condition; but there is a slight improvement in the tone of the market, and rates are a little better.

Prints are very quiet. Holders of the Summer styles are very willing to close out their stocks at a concession, in order to prepare for the Fall styles, which have not yet made their appearance. Prices have a yielding tendency.

Ginghams of good styles and of the best quality are in good demand.

Printed lawns have been selling more freely, and prices are consequently well kept up.

Rolled jaconets and cambrics are ready of sale and prices are firm.

Muslin de laines have sold well, and the light styles for Summer wear are very greatly reduced in stock.

Woolens of all descriptions are comparatively dull. The Spring business in fancy cassimeres and satinets is about over, while the demand for the Fall trade has not yet manifested itself. The best qualities of satinets are a shade higher, but the inferior grades are not wanted.

In foreign goods the trade for the season is about over; the steamers which arrived during the past week; brought very small cargoes; and, except for light dress-goods of novel styles, adapted to the immediate wants of the season, there is but little demand for British and Continental fabrics. The auction sales of the week have been of very little account, and consisted chiefly of broken lots and remnants of consignments.

OUR Stock of Spring Clothing is the CHEAPEST and the BEST.

DEVLIN & CO.

BROADWAY, CORNER OF GRAND.
BROADWAY, CORNER OF WARREN.

OUR Boys' and Youth's Suits for DRESS or SCHOOL purposes are the most tasteful in the market.

DEVLIN & CO.

BROADWAY, CORNER OF GRAND.
BROADWAY, CORNER OF WARREN.

OUR Custom Department is filled with the finest and best of EUROPEAN and AMERICAN Fabrics.

DEVLIN & CO.

BROADWAY, CORNER OF GRAND.
BROADWAY, CORNER OF WARREN.

OUR Custom Cutters are Men of TASTE and ABILITY, and unsurpassed in their profession.

DEVLIN & CO.

BROADWAY, CORNER OF GRAND.
BROADWAY, CORNER OF WARREN.

OUR American Yoke Shirt excels all others in EASE, ELEGANCE, and DURABILITY.

DEVLIN & CO.

BROADWAY, CORNER OF GRAND.
BROADWAY, CORNER OF WARREN.

OUR Prices are Twenty per CENT below OTHER HOUSES producing the same line of goods.

DEVLIN & CO.

BROADWAY, CORNER OF GRAND.
BROADWAY, CORNER OF WARREN.

J. R. TERRY,

NO. 469 BROADWAY, CORNER NO. 19 UNION SQUARE NEW YORK,

Importer, Manufacturer, and Dealer in

HATS AND FURS,

for Gents', Youth's, Ladies', Misses', and Children's wear, in every variety, style and quality unsurpassed.

☞ A liberal discount to clergymen.

Ladies' Underwear

AT WHOLESALE IN

LINENS, MUSLINS, Etc., BRIDAL TROUSSEAU,

NIGHT DRESSES, DRESSING SACQUES, DRAWERS, CHEMISES, AND SKIRTS, ASSORTED QUALITIES AND STYLES.

Also Stamped Goods for Braiding and Embroidering. Send for Catalogue.

DUER, HITCHCOCK & YOUNGS,

62 White street, New York.

BOYNTON'S CELEBRATED FURNACES,

FOR WARMING DWELLINGS, CHURCHES, ETC.

FORTY-EIGHT SIZES AND PATTERNS, BRICK AND PORTABLE, FOR COAL AND WOOD. ALSO FIRE-PLACE AND PARLOR HEATERS; RANGES AND KITCHENERS; PARLOR, OFFICE, COOK, AND LAUNDRY STOVES.

RICHARDSON, BOYNTON & CO., Manufacturers, No. 234 Water st., New York.

Send for circulars.

New Patent Base-Burning FIRE-PLACE HEATER.

THE "IMPERIAL."

SEND FOR CIRCULAR.

BURTIS & SANDERS,

235 Water Street, N. Y.

THE

"WEBER" PIANO-FORTE

IS RECOMMENDED BY THE MUSICAL PROFESSION, by the Press, and by the Conservatories of Music of New York and Brooklyn as the

Best Piano-Forte Manufactured.

Warerooms No. 429 Broome street, New York.

THE TRUE PRINCIPLES OF PURGATION.

The great object in bowel complaints is to purge the system of its impurities, without exhausting it. This is accomplished by the use of RADWAY'S REGULATING PILLS. Their operation is thorough. Every obstruction is cleared away, but gently and without pain; and the intestines are left in a healthy, vigorous, natural condition. Constipation never follows the action of this healing and strengthening aperient.

Price 25 cents per box; sold with sweet gum, free from taste. Sold by Druggists.

Barlow Stevens,

Manufacturer and Commission Merchant in

Floor Oil-Cloths,

ALL WIDTHS, 4-4 to 24-4.

Nos. 28 and 30 Reade Street N. Y.

HARMON'S Manufactured of 25 VERY BEST Makes of Materials. WHITE LEAD.

BANNER WORKS. GENUINE Pearl White Lead

F. W. & C. F. LEGGETT & CO.,

Manufacturers, Importers, and Dealers in WHITE LEAD, ZINC, GLUE, and COLORS, 301 Pearl st., N.Y.

☞ Special Quotations furnished on application.

MEDICAL PROPERTIES OF HOSTETTER'S Stomach Bitters.

Let it be distinctly borne in mind that HOSTETTER'S BITTERS is a MEDICINAL PREPARATION, not a BEVERAGE, and that it is entirely free from the attributes which create and foster a passion for stimulants, and which belong to all the distilled and fermented liquors of commerce. Its alcoholic elements derived from sound rye, a grain which, according to the testimony of the most distinguished analytical chemists, yields a more wholesome spirit than any other known substance. But the QUINTESSENCE OF RYE employed in the manufacture of the Bitters must not be confounded with the rye-spirit sold in the market as Bourbon and Monongahela Whisky. The very best brands of those liquors procured for hospital use, and preferred by the medical staffs of the army and navy to any other liquor, are not to be compared in excellence with the article used in the concoction of the GREAT STOMACHIC. It is subjected in the first instance to a process which deprives it of the pungent and acrid elements proved by chemical tests to exist in even what are deemed the finest imported and domestic spirits; and, after being thus purified, is kept on hand long enough to give it mellowness before being medicated. The chief virtue of the preparation is not, however, in its spirituous basis, but in the juices of the tonic, aperient, corrective, and anti-bilious vegetable products so largely intermixed with it.

Perhaps it may be urged that, if they impart to the alcoholic fluid its preventive and remedial qualities, water impregnated with the same ingredients would answer the purpose as well. Nothing but profound ignorance of the laws of physiology and pathology can excuse such an error. Only by a diffusable stimulant can the medicinal constituents that are to fortify the system against disease, or counteract diseased action, be conveyed directly to their destination. The stimulant rapidly pervades the animal structure, carrying with it to the points where it is needed the required antidote. Water will not do this. It has, comparatively speaking, no propelling or diffusive power. Nor is this all. Nothing but alcohol will preserve the medicinal property of vegetable extracts in a fluid state. Mix them with water, and the compound will ferment, turn sour, and become worse than valueless.

It is claimed that HOSTETTER'S BITTERS commend themselves to the especial favor of the TEMPERANCE PHYSICIAN as the only diffusive stimulant which he can prescribe without danger of unduly exciting the brain of his patient, and of creating that morbid thirst for alcohol which doses of unmedicated spirits are so apt to engender.

Persons whose livers are peculiarly sensitive are said to be of a "bilious habit." The morbid influences which affect others in a general way seem in their cases to operate directly and mainly upon the biliary organ. Many who are thus predisposed to an overflow of bile are subject to periodical attacks of biliousness, accompanied by pain in the right side, languor, pain between the shoulders, gloomy feelings, and that peculiar tinge of the complexion which indicates that a portion of the bile which should have passed off through the bowles has been misdirected to the venous system, and is present in the superficial blood-vessels. To avert these symptoms, and the general disorder of the internal organs which they involve, it is advisable for individuals of a bilious habit to take at least two doses of HOSTETTER'S BITTERS daily, at such times as they have reason to apprehend an attack. Indeed, all who have a constitutional and temperamental tendency to liver complaints would do well to take one dose of this admirable ANTI-BILIOUS STOMACHIC every day. When the great secretive gland is seriously disordered, the medicine usually resorted to is mercury, which, unless administered with very great caution, is infinitely more dangerous than the desease it is intended to subdue. In a large majority of the cases treated with calomel or blue pill the anti-bilious and alterative properties of the Bitters would produce the desired effect. And let it be borne in mind that, whereas mercury in every shape is an insidious poison, the medicinal ingredients of this preparation consist exclusively of wholesome vegetable extracts, which are diffused through the system by means of the purest and mildest of all known stimulants.

A WARNING TO COUNTERFEITERS,

AND

A CAUTION TO PURCHASERS.

No expense will be spared, no legal means of punishing fraud will be neglected, in the effort to prevent the counterfeiting of HOSTETTER'S STOMACH BITTERS.

But scoundrelism, when its cunning and activity are stimulated by the hope of gain, is very ingenious and industrious. The men whose despicable business it is to simulate valuable proprietary medicines, and who substitute therefor dangerous or worthless preparations, are proverbially difficult to catch. Most of them have many aliases; and they flit from state to state with surprising agility, in the hope of evading the clutches of the law.

The proprietors of HOSTETTER'S STOMACH BITTERS are determined, if possible, to hunt them down. Traveling agents are employed for this purpose; and whenever an offender is detected he is prosecuted with the utmost rigor of the law.

No amount of vigilance, however, can prevent the occasional introduction of imitations and counterfeits. The public are therefore

CAUTIONED

not to purchase any article purporting to be HOSTETTER'S STOMACH BITTERS which is not authenticated by the handsome Government stamp, specially engraved for the proprietors; and also by their superb new label, with a beautiful vignette, representing the conflict between St. George and the Dragon, at the top, and a miniature note of hand, signed Hostetter & Smith, at the foot.

N. B.—The Genuine Bitters are sold in Bottles only. All persons who pretend to sell the article by the gallon or barrel are impostors, and the stuff they offer is a worthless and probably poisonous counterfeit.

Prepared and sold by

HOSTETTER & SMITH,

Pittsburgh, Pa.

For sale by Druggists, Grocers, and Storekeepers throughout the world.

THE VERMONT SPRING,

AND ITS REMARKABLE CURES.

This Spring, which is becoming so celebrated as a remedy for diseases commonly considered incurable, is on the bank of the Mis-lisquoi River, in Sheldon, Franklin County, Vt., ten miles from St. Albans, the nearest railroad station. It was discovered in the Summer of 1867, and in less than one year has won a success rarely equaled by other remedial springs in the lapse of fifty years.

The following are among the diseases actually cured, or so far relieved as to give certain promise of entire recovery: Cancer, Scrofula, Bright's Disease of the Kidneys, Dyspepsia, Consumption, Rheumatism, Piles, Diabetes, Tertiary Syphilis, Malignant Eczema, Salt Rheum, Diseases of the Eye, Diseases of the Scalp, Nervous Prostration, Female Complaints.

In what other cases it may prove successful it is impossible to foresee, as new and unlooked for developments are coming to light from time to time which seem to set at defiance many of the well-established principles of *Materia Medica*. The following statements and testimonials present a few of the more prominent cases:

CANCER.—The permanent cure of this dread disease is so rare that the medical faculty are generally agreed in pronouncing it incurable. And yet the discovery of the VERMONT SPRING has demonstrated that Nature has resources hitherto undreamed of, and that cancer can be cured.

The case of Mrs. CLARISSA OVITT, of Fairfield, Vt., when we take into account the age of the patient, the nature of the cancer, its long standing, and its apparently near approach to a fatal termination, in connection with the rapidity and comparative completeness of the cure, we feel warranted in believing it altogether unparalleled in the history of cancers of this class. She writes, Jan. 24th, 1868:

I have been afflicted with cancer in my left breast, which first appeared as a hard lump about six years since. Five years ago I had it taken out by plasters, after which it healed up, and remained so about one year, but occasionally pained me some. After that it again broke out, and continued to discharged until October, 1867, when it grew much worse, flowing so much as to wet through the thick cloths which covered it. There was a hole eaten into the flesh as large as a goose-egg, and the odor was extremely offensive. My health was much reduced, and my left side nearly useless. I had little appetite, and but a great deal of pain in my breast. By the 26th of November I was so low that my friends thought I could not live a week. At that time my son, George Gould, having heard of the remarkable healing and cleansing properties of the Vermont Spring, and being well acquainted with the proprietors, procured some of the water, which I have continued to use ever since, drinking three or four glasses a day. And now I may say that I am truly a new person to myself and to all who call to see me. In two weeks the sickening odor, which had rendered me unable to remain in the house, was entirely gone, and the cancer is now nearly healed. There is a small sore, perhaps as large as a bean, and the new flesh around it is quite firm and healthy. I am well, and able to do as much work out and in the house as any woman of my age in town, using both arms quite freely. My age is 72 years. I have used no other remedy for the cancer except to drink the water and use it as a wash.

The above is corroborated by the testimony of A. M. Brown, M.D.

Mrs. MARY J. DENTZEL, of New Orleans, within two years had had a cancer removed from her breast, and was in New York being treated for the second, some four inches in diameter, under her right arm. She gives a full statement of her case, and adds, Feb. 1st, 1868:

Alarmed by the rapid decline of my strength, I determined to try the water of the VERMONT SPRING. I commenced its use in November, and from the first sensible effect it has continued to benefit me since. It wonderfully improved my appetite, increased my strength, and removed all offensive odor. I was induced at one time to leave it off, and the result was an entire loss of appetite and nearly all my strength, which immediately returned with the use of the water; so that I am convinced that but for this I should not be alive to-day. The cancers now show signs of healing, and I have discarded all other remedies. Having arranged for a supply of the Vermont Spring Water, I am about returning to my home in New Orleans, strong in the hope of being entirely cured.

In a letter from her husband, P. A. DENTZEL, Esq., of New Orleans, dated March 24th, after ordering more water, and alluding to her improvement, he says: "I trust soon to announce her entire recovery."

WINSLOW BOND, Esq., of Lima, Livingston County, N. Y., had a cancer of two years' standing on the side of his nose. He writes, March 19th, 1868:

For some time previous to using the water my eye on that side was troubled with a watery discharge so profuse as to require the constant use of the handkerchief, and it was with difficulty that I could read. In one week this unnatural flow ceased, and I could see as well as usual. In about two weeks the pain and soreness were *entirely gone*; and now, after three weeks' faithful use of the water, the bunch has assumed nearly its natural color and is diminishing in size. The improvement is so decided that I shall now use the water at home, and have confidence that I shall be entirely cured.

Mr. M. HOWLAND, of Eatontown, N. J., chief carpenter in the United States Engineer Department on Governor's Island, was for over two years afflicted with a terrible eating ulcer on his ankle. Getting no help from physicians, he was finally obliged to give up business and go home. One box of the VERMONT SPRING WATER so far restored him that within two weeks he returned to his duties, calling himself well.

This is confirmed by W. S. Kimball, M.D., who pronounces the Spring "one of the most important discoveries of the age."

SCROFULA.—Rev. N. O. FREEMAN, Pastor of M. E. Church, Sheldon, Vt., writes, Oct. 20th, 1867:

About the 1st of June last I noticed upon the ball of my little daughter's eye a redness, and something that appeared to be a sore just below the sight. I consulted Dr. Woodward, of St. Albans, who pronounced it a scrofulous ulcer. She grew worse, until there came in succession five ulcers, the inflammation and soreness extending also down on the cheek, threatening permanent disfigurement, if not loss of sight. I then began to use the water from the VERMONT SPRING, and at the end of four weeks the difficulty had disappeared from the ball, leaving only a little redness below the eye, which has nearly all disappeared.

He reports, April 8, 1868: "The beneficial, even vestige of the disease having long since disappeared; and up to this date there have been no signs of its return."

Mr. JOHN HOOPER, of Sheldon, writes, March 30, 1868:

My little girl, three years of age, has been troubled with scrofulous sores on her neck, which were very painful, and finally a very bad sore appeared on the top of her head and spread over a large surface, causing the hair to fall off and subjecting the child to much suffering. I commenced using the VERMONT SPRING WATER, and in *less than a month* the sores began to heal, and I now rejoice to say that December, and continued having her drink and wash with it for about two months, and she is now entirely well. I would recommend the water to all who are afflicted with scrofula in any of its various forms.

KIDNEY DISEASES.—The water acts as a diuretic, and is a specific for diseases of the Kidneys in almost every form, so that sufferers from these distressing maladies may have hope for permanent relief. We have room but for one case, which is probably the most remarkable cure of Bright's Disease ever recorded.

HENRY A. WOOD, Esq., of Andersen, N. Y., was afflicted for some years with Bright's Disease of the Kidneys. He had tried various remedies to no purpose. In February last he was confined to his bed, and supposed to be in a dying condition. The urinary excretion was bloody, and albumen and membranous substance discharged from his kidneys to an alarming extent. He commenced using THE VERMONT SPRING WATER, and *in less than a month* was able to ride out. He continued to use the water, and in two weeks more was able to resume his business. His recovery was complete, and at this time (April 20, 1868) he is attending to his business as Deputy Sheriff of Montgomery County. The action of his kidneys is becoming quite natural, and he is very enthusiastic in his praise of the VERMONT SPRING WATER. He says that he *shall not be entirely cured* by using it, but that he *is entirely cured*. No doubt I should have been in my grave to-day but for the VERMONT SPRING WATER." A letter from the Rev. HOMER EATON, Pastor of the M. E. Church, Amsterdam, N. Y., confirms the above statement in all particulars.

DISEASES OF THE DIGESTIVE ORGANS.—For no class of diseases is the water of this Spring more efficacious than in those of the digestive organs, with all their complications. Persons suffering from dyspepsia, after enduring all the trials incident to that depressing disease, have been restored to health and vigor. We can only state the following very important case of J. B. CLARK, Esq., one of the influential men of Jefferson County, N. Y. He writes, March 23d, 1868:

Having suffered for three years with a chronic inflammation of the liver and stomach, with a cankerous or scrofulous condition of my whole system internally and externally, with almost constant diarrhœa and occasional discharges of blood, I had become very much reduced, so that I was confined to my room. My limbs and feet were badly swollen, and my physicians pronounced my case incurable, the worst form of dyspepsia may be added to my ailments. Physicians, friends, and the whole community, as well as myself, thought my case hopeless and incurable.

Yet, as his letter states, the use of these waters for several months effected a permanent cure,